FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

# hibernia

MAY 12th, 1972

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# E.E.C. YES-NORTH NO?

# Letters to the Editor

## Albert Luykx

Sir,—As noticed in your March 31st issue, in the article "John O'Connell's Flair" (page 6) you have referred to Albert Luykx as "an hotelier.' You are no doubt referring to "Hotel Sutton House" of which Mr. Paul Drum is the proprietor.

Albert Luykx is a businessman using the address "Sutton House" but is in importing business.

He holds no grudges towards hoteliers, but is writing this letter to straighten out a point which is constantly cropping-up in newspaper articles. — Yours, etc.,

J. FAHY,
P. P. Albert Luykx.
Sutton House,
Sutton.

## Bomb Making

Sir,—In the article "The Problems of Bomb-making" (*Hibernia*, March 17, 1972) reference is made to Cordtex fuse and it is indicated that "if not in perfect condition will burn out before reaching the detonator." The use of the term "burn out" is incorrect as Cordtex is a detonating fuse having an explosive core, pentaerythritol tetranitrate, and a velocity of detonation of about 20,000 feet per second. The term "burn out" would be more applicable to safety fuse, a burning fuse having a black powder core and a burning rate of about 40 seconds per foot.—Yours, etc.,

NOEL KELLY.
95 West Street,
Simsbury,
Connecticut.
U.S.A.

## Intellectual Fever

Sir, — Near the end of your April 28 editorial, you state. . . "The upheaval (in the North) has stimulated a greater fever of intellectual debate, than has been felt in the South for half a century. . ." Any fever is dangerous, especially intellectual fever hatched by culture vultures about to be power brokers. Many of them are pro holy men and women as well. "Our Constitution is sacred."

Don't tell me you want us to go through 50 more years of bull posing as piety. Were it not for this Ireland lark what would most of our writers and journalists write about?

It seems to me we've had a tough poverty problem for centuries and we call it patriotism. For my money the most effective Irishman this century was Irish born and reared Harry Ferguson. Why? He delived what he set out to do—get the horse off the farm, and produce cheap food for a hungry world. Of course he was a capitalist pig, and was unfortunate that God didn't deliver him in Connemara.

When he died, how many editorials, poems, Masses, orations, pilgrimages, were delivered in his honour?

Some weeks ago Dr. Roy Johnston wrote in *The Irish Times* about the poverty of *Irish inventions*. If intellectual cack produced loot, then Grafton St. should be jammed every morning with ole Joe Kennedys, Morgans, Rockefellers, etc. It aint!

Finally, my dear Hibernia, when oh when, will you psychologically accept Joe (the selling of the President) McGinnis's dictum: "Politics throughout the ages has been always more or less a con game."—Yours, etc.,

SEAN KELLY.
Ballinafid,
Mullingar.

## Cancelling One

Sir,—If the back page rubbish which you have seen fit to print in the last two issues is to be continued as a feature, this is one "Hibernia" reader who will not be renewing his subscription.—Yours, etc.,

M. Mac an BHAIRD.
"Aisling,"
8, Sli Ultain,
Laytown, Co. Meath.

## Cancelling Two

Dear Sir, — Considering the present low tone of your magazine, to which I am now cancelling my subscription, you certainly have a nerve to lecture us in your leading article on our lack of leadership, moral fibre and maturity. Yours, etc.,

J. W. HA[illegible]

## Rejecting Europe

Sir,—To get information on the North of Ireland situation I take all Irish papers and so I have borne so far with *Hibernia*, with its undergraduate banalities of *Private Eye* surplus to Hugh Munro's non-economics. But the edition 28/4/72 is inexcusable.

The cynical editorial promises nothing by voting "NO" on May 10th except perhaps intellectual (?) debate — no doubt to be carried out in *Hibernia*! Added to which Mary Kenny's getting whatever she wears into a knot on the same subject is surely an insult to the voters.

During my thirty years' "kissing of the cross" in N. Ireland our one hope was, that one day, Europe would take back its two, tatty little islands, and then we would walk free men throughout our land. Not Irish, not British, but the Europeans which are what we are.

I left Derry because I could not rear a family and teach them how to hate, which was the only possible result of answering the questionings of their young minds. I was dismayed and shocked by the reaction to an exposé of the atrocities of August '69 in a local paper here. There are few first-generation Irish in Liverpool and the second, third and fourth-generation Irish just simply did not want to know. Those who had survived the Irish Ghetto hovels of Liverpool and the navvy gangs of Northern England and the chemical factories of Widnes had little cause to think of their homeland with gratitude. They had to integrate or go under. Ireland cared nothing for their fate. *Hibernia* says "emigration provided the *easy way out . . . for the emigrants*" . . . can cynicism go any further?

Ireland has nothing to lose by going into the E.E.C. Its nationalism, says the ex-patriot Mary Kenny from her little lickerish post on a London evening paper. Its nationalism is a music-hall joke compounded of Val Doonican and *Me Mammy*.

When I was in Italy and North Germany in the late fifties and early sixties the average worker was getting twice the basic rate that his fellow was here in England. The English and Irish workers on sites had to "go slow" on the job to get overtime on Saturdays and Sundays to make a bare subsistence wage. No one seriously imagines that everything will be wonderful in the E.E.C. The Irish might even have to work at home, which mightn't be a bad thing.

It comes ill from a Dublin coterie to talk about the *capitalists* of Europe. No city in the world is as class-ridden as the capital of Ireland, from its beggars round the pro-Cathedral to the "arrived" at Ballsbridge.

I see nothing but despair in Ireland's rejection of Europe. I see nothing but hope in its acceptance. I even think the children of emigrants may return to their homeland with some little respect and sentiment in their hearts.—Yours, etc.,

KATHLEEN McCORMICK KELLY.
Mossley Hill,
Liverpool.

## Klute

Sir, — I fear I must rush to point out that your cinema critic has rather misunderstood a sizeable chunk of the film "KLUTE" reviewed in your issue 28/4/72. He amazingly describes Bree Daniels (Jane Fonda) as a nymphomaniac; a mistake which colours his whole interpretation of the film. He says:

"Bree Daniels. . . a nymphomaniac would-be model and actress who cannot refrain from jumping into bed with her clients because of her inability to form lasting relationships with men, and her compulsion to put men down."

A nymphomaniac as I, and the Oxford English Dictionary, understand the word to mean; is a female with obsessive sexual desires. Very few prostitutes, given that definition, could be called that. Bree has absolutely no sexual desire for her clients. This is pointed up throughout the film. In a snippet of her first scene (this flash was cut in Dublin though for what reason I cannot imagine) in which Bree is feigning passion madly with some client there is a flash shot of her looking at her watch over his shoulder. Later she tells Klute "I never come with a john". With her analyst she explains why she is on the game. "I get a lot of money from them, in the shortest time possible with them. . and I'm in control of the situation." Not any mention of enjoying it or wanting it.

The reviewer then considers what might be her reasons for "jumping into bed with them" and comes up with an amusingly male reaction that in part at least it is a "compulsion to put men down". I would have thought it to be the opposite. In many cases prostitutes boost a flagging male ego; Bree always simulates enjoyment and is willing to do anything if they pay. In "carnal Knowledge" (a film released in London contemporary with Klute) Jack Nicholson pays a girl to keep telling him how fantastic he is with her: perhaps if this film had been shown in Dublin, this reviewer might have had a more instructive glimpse into the true role of the prosti[illegible]dern urban society. The [illegible] Bree attempts to put [illegible]lute, and her reasons [illegible]re fairly transparent. So [illegible]a prostitute; who would [illegible]e a model or an actress. Your Man at the Cinema also thought that the "only bright happy scene in the film was a family gathering at the start". That scene is purely for plot purposes and given the terms of reference of the narrative, the scene where Klute and Bree go shopping amid the turmoil of the affair (they are to return to Bree's ransacked room) far surpasses even Love Story for attempted romantic happiness. She watches his normality as if its alien to her, yet her bemused face and gesture of pulling at his coat from behind, coupled with the complete change of music and filming technique, imply much frustrated desire on her part to actually experience such ordinary content as he seems capable of.

I cannot criticise your critic's observations on technical detail, not knowing anything about that side of it, probably it is all right. However, he does err in another respect. The female voice he mentions, is not any female voice, it is Bree's own and the continual repetition of it over the phone by the killer is an important element in the drama, therefore that voice, being Bree's, does not "unknowingly bring about her own death". I shall leave his imaginative views on the symbolism of her pot-smoking scene severely alone.

Perhaps I might recommend that your reviewer see the film at least once more. I too, the first time I saw it received some of the same haphazard impressions, but they were clarified and better grasped at a second and even a third viewing.

*The point being that if one intends to embark on a six column review of a contemporary piece of film-making, one has the obligation to avoid making* basic mistakes of character or plot interpretation. It is to be expected that a critic should be exceedingly familiar with the film before any attempt at reviewing (serious reviewing that is) is made.—Yours, etc.,

JEANANNE CROWLEY.
76 Pembroke Road,
Ballsbridge.

## Clergy Survey

Dear Sir, — I read with interest your feature (April 28th) on the Survey of Catholic Clergy and Religious recently published in "Social Studies". While grateful for the coverage which you give to the survey, I would like to comment on a number of points:

(1) Your assumption that a 100% response from religious reflects episcopal approval is interesting. Such approval for the survey was not requested nor, indeed, was it necessary.

(2) According to the survey, 297 (1.6%) sisters from a total of 18,000 left after final profession in the past six years. This hardly warrants your comment feature of life in the last few years and the practice of nuns leaping over the wall is now well established as a regular spiritual exercise". I will refrain from commenting on the sarcastic nature of the language used.

(3) You quote the materialistic outlook of the present age as the "discredited yet oft-repeated excuse" for the drop in vocations. In my comments on the survey it is not offered as an excuse but as a contributory factor among many others. As such, I would be grateful if you could quote your sources as to when, where, and by whom it has been discredited.

(4) The repetition of 6.8% in that "Group exodus has become a what is obviously a printer's error of repeating the same line twice in Table 8 enables you to arrive at the false total of 106.8%. While I regret that the error was not noticed in proof-reading, your suggestion that it is sufficient to cast doubt on the reliability of other tables in the survey is scarcely justified. It is regrettable that an otherwise good summary of the survey is ruined by the petty nature of some of your comments. — Yours, etc.,

FR. LIAM RYAN,
Editor, "Social Studies",
St. Patrick's College,
Maynooth,
Co. Kildare.


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# E.E.C. and the NORTH

THE REFERENDUM on the Third Amendment of the Constitution —to approve of the State becoming a member of the E.E.C.—comes at the conclusion of the most sustained political effort in this country for many years. There has been nothing quite like it since Mr. de Valera's protracted steps in dismantling the Treaty settlement, which began immediately on his coming to power in 1932 and culminated in the return of the ports in 1938. The E.E.C. campaign has continued over a longer period and, unlike Mr. de Valera's almost solo performance, has been supported both by the main Opposition party and by the established industrial and farming interests in the country.

But the most telling contrast to the enormous effort that has gone into the E.E.C. campaign is not with the events of the 'thirties, but rather with the other great problem of our own time. If even a fraction of the national leadership energy that has been devoted to E.E.C. entry over the past decade had been directed towards reaching an understanding with the North, can anyone doubt that the two sections of the country would be so sundered as they are today?

Obviously, union with the E.E.C. is not entirely analogous to reunion with the North. The first was a more or less willing process on both sides. The second is far more complicated, will require more fundamental adjustment in more sensitive areas, and therefore demands even greater political determination and subtlety. The tragedy is that, instead of receiving more political emphasis, the North has received far less.

Contrast, for instance, the question of economic planning, which, independent of any political considerations, should be as feasible with the North as with the E.E.C. For the past decade, every economic objective and item of forward planning by the Government has been influenced by the avowed intention of joining the E.E.C. Only last week, however, the I.D.A. published a regional development plan up to 1977 which, despite the fact that, economically speaking, the Border will have long since evaporated, left Donegal as isolated from its natural integration with the Derry area as it has been for the past half-century. The plan for this county, where the unemployment rate is no less than 15%, was, in fact, arrived at without a single consultation with any authority whatsoever within the Six County area.

But the contrast in attitudes goes right down the line. The Government has subsidised the influential endeavours of the Irish Council of the European Movement. Why not a similar organisation for the North? The Department of External Affairs has researched and published dozens of booklets on the implications of E.E.C. entry. Why not examine and highlight the issues which divide North and South? The Government has recommended the amendment of the Constitution in a most fundamental fashion to comply with the E.E.C. requirements, but in relation to the creation of conditions conducive to a united Ireland the subject is again relegated to a Dail committee. But over and above these details in every section of the administration, the contrast in personal commitment is the most striking of all. The Cabinet, on its record, is broadly disinterested in the North. The limits of its ambition, despite the completely new situation which now exists, appear to be a return to "normality" there.

Of all the changes that are being required for full E.E.C. membership, not one of them affect in any way the entrenched positions of Fianna Fail and Fine Gael. The same cannot be said of the implications of reunification. Is that why the former has been so enthusiastically promoted by politicians while the latter is being wilfully ignored?

*E.E.C. Campaign*

## A Combination Of Forces

ON THE EVE OF THE REFERENDUM there remained only two speculations worthy of consideration. Firstly, considering the almost overwhelming weight of encouragement from the government, Fine Gael, the entire press, many semi-state agencies and other persauders, what percentage of the Irish people will respond with a positive 'yes' to E.E.C. membership? The second speculation concerns the Taoiseach's reaction to the result.

There has never been an issue before the Irish electorate which was supported by such a combination of forces. Fine Gael opposed the '37 plebiscite on the constitution and, of course, both attempts to introduce the straight vote system. As a result the '37 plebiscite scraped through with only 56% of the total poll in favour, and the attempts to switch to the straight vote were rejected by 51% of the poll in '59 and 61% in '68. In the present case, of course, the two main parties were in tandem. In general elections they normally account for something over 80% of the total first preference votes cast. Thus anything less than an 80% approval by those voting in the referendum can only be interpreted as 'abnormal' in relation to traditional patterns.

But apart from the main political parties it can equally be said that never before were so many other forces in Irish society aligned together on a single issue. The press came out unanimously in favour of Entry. And the press influence went far beyond the daily and Sunday papers. The *Farmers' Journal* has been plugging for E.E.C. membership all along and its editorial "yes" was expected. *Business and Finance* gave its "yes for Europe" and *This Week* editorialised "Yes, vote Yes." The provincial editors too, were almost unanimous in their verdict for Entry, if occasionally luke-warm in their enthusiasm —a condition entirely uninfluenced, no doubt, by a recent all-expenses-paid junket to the E.E.C. capital.

Indirectly, the *Irish Independent* may have influenced the campaign more than any other section of the press. The publication, exactly one week before polling day, of its opinion poll showing 54% in favour of entry was a severe blow to the expectations of the dissidents. This was the first occasion on which an opinion poll had been taken and published immediately prior to an election in Ireland. The forecast of 19% "no's" appeared to line up accurately with the normal quota of the vote that is neither Fianna Fail nor Fine Gael, and the only point left unanswered seemed to be how the 24% "don't knows" would go on polling day.

But, in addition to the weight of the two major political parties, and the entire press, other forces which never before took up positions in political matters, chose to enter the fray. The Confederation of Irish Industry in its newsletter gave "A Yes for Europe." Support from the Irish Farmers' Association naturally continued unabated, but huge advertisements backing entry from An Bord Bainne and the Pigs and Bacon Commission marked a new departure in the political activities of State companies. The timing of the I.D.A.'s Regional Plans was criticised as having been arranged to influence the vote, but at least the publication of these plans was in the normal course of the I.D.A.'s activities. The initiative taken by Bord Bainne, however the Board may have conceived their responsibility, set a new precedent in Irish politics.

Against this bulk of established opinion the combined efforts of the Labour Party, the I.T.G.W.U., Sinn Fein, and the Common Market Defence Group must appear fairly small fry and if indeed the "No's" do exceed 20% of the vote the result will be most significant. The referendum campaign has provided Sinn Fein with its first opportunity of real political activity since the Northern crisis developed. Particularly in the West of Ireland, they fought a vigorous campaign on an issue which provided plenty of material for their counter-philosophy. At the very least, the campaign has provided an excellent practice run for their expanded organisation and the effectiveness of their vote-catching ability will be closely analysed.

For the Labour Party, the campaign has perhaps been the most frustrating in their experience to date. The party was divided on the issue but not concerned enough to cause any Jenkins-like resignations. But, to an organisation with limited funds and limited resources, the mounting of a campaign against such heavy odds is a thankless task and one which, in the event, was obviously too much for several of Labour's leading lights. Brendan Corish campaigned actively and with effect — but the single Labour personality to have increased his own personal stature during the anti-E.E.C. campaign was Justin Keating. His increasing popularity in the party was borne out in yet another poll—this time in the *Sunday Independent*—which showed him as the clear choice for the leadership after Corish.

The temptation for the Taoiseach to capitalise on a success in the referendum and "go to the country" will obviously be strong. Certainly the opposition parties would be gravely wrongfooted. Not only are they divided on the approach to the E.E.C., but their resources after the Referendum would be considerably depleted. On the other hand a snap election would be entirely uncharacteristic of Mr. Lynch. He is still secure in his majority in the Dail; he still has a full two years of his term to run; the question of the Presidency is not too far off and the initial benefits of the E.E.C. entry are yet to be enjoyed. A landslide in favour of entry would certainly add to his personal prestige, but anything less will not encourage a general election at this time.

The more probable political scenario for the period immediately ahead revolves around the appointment of the Commissioner for the E.E.C., a reshuffle of the Cabinet, the "summit" meeting of heads of E.E.C. governments in October and the triumphant finality of the whole exercise on January 1st, 1973. After that historic and much publicised performance Mr. Jack Lynch, 56, will be prepared to be persuaded to take up residence in the Phoenix Park.

## E.E.C.

# Next Steps Towards Europe

NOW THAT we are almost in (this is being written on the eve of the Referendum) what practical effects of the decision can we expect in the immediate future? Although most of the debate about EEC membership has centred round economic issues, the most immediate action is likely to be in the political rather than the economic level. The first concrete steps economically will not come until early in 1973, when we will start getting the benefit of EEC agricultural subsidies, while on the 1st April, the first tariff cuts will take place between us and the EEC. However, the impact of these on Irish industry is not likely to be felt seriously before about 1976, since protective tariffs against British competition are already far lower and will be down to nil by July 1975, when remaining protection against EEC countries will still be significant.

But on the political side things will start to happen almost immediately. It is expected that the name of the Irish Commissioner will be announced in June. The new Commissioners will be appointed in October, to take office on January 1st of next year.

There has been speculation for months about who the Irish Commisisoner will be. While it should be, in an ideal world, simply a matter of selecting a man who can do the best job, the decision in practice involves some tricky politics. The Commissioner has to be a leading politician of the Government Party. The field has now in practice narrowed down to three, Erskine Childers, Paddy Hillery and Brian Lenihan. But the Commissioner, on taking office on the 1st January, must resign his Dail Seat from that date. This would mean a By-election in that constituency by March 1973 at the latest. Of the three seats involved, the safest for a by-election is Hillery's. But Jack Lynch is now believed not to favour Hillery as Commissioner, firstly, because he needs him in the Government and secondly, because he would be of more value in the Council of Ministers than in the Commission. It has to be remembered that Commissioners are in no sense representatives of their national states — national interests are defended in the Council of Ministers. The odds in fact are now rapidly shortening on Erskine Childers for the Commission. He is, of all the members of the present Cabinet, outstandingly the best qualified to be a Commissioner—his fluent knowledge of French, the great prestige he would carry as a deputy Prime Minister, his well-known capacity for thoroughness and hard work. By contrast, Brian Lenihan is not generally regarded as the sort of person who would be effective in the Commission. Unfortunately, of the three seats, Childers is the one which Fianna Fail would have least hope of holding in a by-election. But given the other overwhelming arguments for appointing Childers (and the fact that he may no longer be needed as a presidential candidate) Jack may take the view that the by-election is another day's work to be dealt with when the day comes.

Some time this year the Irish members of the European Parliament will also have to be chosen. Ireland will have ten seats and the practice is to allocate these in proportion to the strengths of the Parties in the national parliaments. The allocation here would work out five to Fianna Fail, four to Fine Gael and one to Labour. Members of the Senate, as well as the Dail, will be eligible. There may be problems in deciding who is to go. This is a far more serious job than the junket-type outings to the Council of Europe—what one might contribute to the proceedings was not always an important factor in who was selected. While the European Parliament's role is limited at the moment, its importance is likely to grow and even now it does offer an important opportunity for contacts and putting across a point of view. Some of those who have been most active in the European Movement would be obvious choices, Eoin Ryan and Neville Keery from Fianna Fail; Tom O'Higgins and Garret FitzGerald from Fine Gael. But would these people find it possible to attend the European Parliament as well as the Dail or Senate, and keep up their professional lives? The danger is that in practice the Seats in the European Parliament will be filled by deputies or senators who have nothing better to do and this won't make for a very high standard. There is, however, a strong move to introduce direct elections to the European Parliament. It is quite possible that at the next General Election here there will be an additional ballot paper on which people will be asked to vote for their representative to the European Parliament.

Before the end of this year also Ireland's nominee for the European Court of Justice will be announced. A strong favourite here is Mr. Justice Brian Walsh of the Supreme Court. Our nine nominees on the Economic and Social Committee will also have to be chosen, three of these will be trade unionists; three employers representatives and three representatives of vocational and consumer interests—the IFA undoubtedly will have one, and possibly the Irish Housewives Association or the Consumers Association another.

In October the "Summit" Conference of heads of government of the member and candidate countries is being held to discuss the future development of the European institutions. This will be our first major outing and the extent to which Messrs. Lynch and Hillery succeed in making an impact will be watched with great interest.

## Fine Gael

# Cosgrave's Problems

THE NEW PLATFORM party confronting delegates to the 1972 Fine Gael Ard Fheis at the weekend in Cork will not seem dramatically different to what they saw last year in Dublin. Liam Cosgrave will get the same standing ovation, Tom O'Higgins will be at his right hand, Richie Ryan will be close by; Garret FitzGerald will be there—and down the hall at the same time; Corkmen Peter Barry, Donal Creed, Dick Barry, will find places of honour with Denis Jones, Surgeon Hogan, Tom Fitzpatrick, and so on. A bit of a reshuffle, but much the same comfortable line-up.

But for older delegates, looking no farther back than the late sixties, the change will be profound. Gone, for one thing, is the feeling that one is at the meeting of a very wealthy and self-assured Corporation, with the Board firmly in control on the platform and the shareholders asking the right questions and applauding at the right points from the floor. Remember the days when the success of an Ard Fheis was measured by the number of minutes and seconds of standing ovation, cheers, clapping and slogan-shouting which Gerry L'Estrange managed to organise for the Presidential address?

In the old days, the Fine Gael Ard Fheis was an affair of great dignity and hardly any blood-letting. Indeed, twenty years ago no commentator would even suggest that there was blood to let. Nobody in Fine Gael would actually say: "We're not that kind of people—go to the other crowd," but then they were not the sort of people who had resort to mere words to put brash youngsters in their place.

The whole atmosphere was of the well-ordered society. The Fine Gael approach was of a superior people temporarily and unaccountably deprived of their birthright; but a civilised people too, waiting resignedly for the day when the populace would come to its senses and come out from under the spell cast by the Arch-Villain with the glasses and long cloak.

That hurt attitude of a deprived people persisted well into the present time—indeed there's a fair trace of it around still. But it is becoming more difficult to recognise. The younger delegate would have some difficulty in capturing the post-war picture, when the most radical and "dangerous" character on the horizon was the late Gerry Sweetman. Very few voices spoke out of turn then, without being sure what he had to say was according to the gospel of Dick Mulcahy, John Costello, Paddy McGilligan, Sean McEoin, Dan Morrissey, Ned McGuire, Tony Barry, Thady Lynch stamp. These were the days, when they weren't too sure whether James Dillon was an embarrassment because of his oratorical flights of fancy, and the uncertainty about what he might say next. Yet, within a decade, James Dillon was the personification of the changing party, magnificently seated at the head of the table in Room 114 of Leinster House when Declan Costello threw his bulky "Just Society" blueprint on the polished mahogany table and dared to challenge the inherited wisdom. Declan heard the murmurs of approval, the nice meaningless phrases, and the experienced diplomatic handling of this slight "trouble" in the ranks. "Good to see young fellows taking an interest—of course they've a lot to learn, but they will!"

In fact, that gathering was probably the last major get-together of the old-style Board of Governors. In his genteel but determined way, Declan Costello rolled in as devastating a hand grenade as Donogh O'Malley did in Education some time later —the big difference being that the Costello bombing was planned and considered while the O'Malley effort was as wild, uncontrolled and Celtic as anything Granuaile might have been guilty of.

And so we have come to the new image and the new men. It takes the perspective of a score years to see how marvellously that image has changed, and improved. True, several of the young hopefuls don't know what to make of their leader. They know that in the party rooms and behind the scenes, he's quite effective, and the general experience is that respect for him grows with knowledge. But they're conscious, too, that Liam Cosgrave's public image is too weak. The majority impression seems to be that he would make a good, prudent, effective Taoiseach once in office —but he just has not got the public appeal and political ruthlessness to achieve office. Are they to stay with him through another election, hoping the pieces will fall into place, or "ditch" him in time so that a successor could be established before the next election?

Two big considerations would arise in any consideration to replace Cosgrave at this point. One is the uncertainty about the timing of the election—would such a move be a further temptation to Lynch to go to the country at this point and catch Fine Gael with its leadership pants down?

The other is an even more daunting problem: "ditch" Cosgrave in favour of whom? Garret? Richie? Paddy Donegan? Tom O'Higgins then?

If Tom O'Higgins is not interested (and this is doubtful to say the least) would it not be as well to stay with Cosgrave until the party has time to size up the new crop, particularly Paddy Cooney, take another look at Declan Costello and indeed at Garret FitzGerald and maybe Richie Ryan?

This question of the leadership will not, of course, be decided at this or any other Ard Fheis. Like Fianna Fail, the Oireachtas members decide who their party leader is to be, and invariably the person they choose is installed at the next following Ard Fheis as overall President of the organisation. But the mood and reaction of delegates comes into the balance, and from the Cork platform Liam Cosgrave's eye will search out those faces and try to read the future from them—more keenly than any of his shadow Ministers.

**Q. Whatever happened to Mr. Stout, Brian Faulkner's henchman at the Ministry of Home Affairs and the civil servant popularly believed to have drawn up the final lists for detention on August 9th?**

**A. Like his patron, he disappeared from the scene when William Whitelaw appeared. Unlike his patron, he has no chance of coming back. He has been retired from the Service on pension.**

## Defence

# The New Militarism

TO THE CONSIDERABLE detriment of our balance of payments, and to the embarrassment of our genteel men at the U.N., Jack Lynch suddenly appears to have joined the arms race.

Even as the Taoiseach denounces violence and disavows any intention of solving anything by force, Army recruiting ads authorised by his Government promote the gun as a virility symbol and leading lights in Fine Gael and Fianna Fail talk airily about conscripting the young in a form of national service. Our weapons buyers are examining air-to-ground missiles with covetous eyes, gleaming new foreign armoured cars, armed to the turret, proliferate on our roads, and we are even thinking of making some of our own for export.

There have been only clumsy attempts to disguise, and no serious efforts to justify, the sudden upsurge of Irish State militarism. Its results, however, have been so damaging in economic terms, and so potentially dangerous in political terms, that it merits examination.

The bill for the Department of Defence has jumped, in the space of one year, by almost £7 million—a massive proportion of the increase being earmarked for new equipment. The estimate for the Department in the current year is around £26 million and likely to escalate; it is almost the amount spent on universities and fast approaching the total for all agricultural subsidies.

So far, this year has seen an impressive importation of hardware. From Panhard in France came four ultra-modern armoured cars and five personnel carriers, with eight more carriers on the way—the total cost of these has not been announced, but can be worked out at around £500,000. The eight older-type armoured cars in service with our U.N. forces in Cyprus since 1964 were brought back last October. Together with the 17 Unimog carriers bought in Sweden, all these vehicles and others have been used to form a new 50-vehicle armoured regiment of high mobility to operate, for the moment, in Border areas.

The Swedes, perhaps typically, sold us the Unimogs without guns, to assuage their conscience, but there is a French arms dealer with plenty of heavy-calibre machine guns and less scruples, and all of the vehicles now have impressive killing power.

Another high-cost item loaded at a late stage onto last year's Defence bill was the purchase of the three ex-British mine-sweepers as fishery protection vessels. The price, reportedly, was £640,000 but such difficulties were encountered overhauling the boats that almost two-thirds of this amount again had to be spent on them and hidden in the Estimates under the heading of "Maintenance", to save face for the Department.

The Air Corps is now waiting its turn at the suddenly lavish armaments table. At least eight new planes—military adaptations of the Cessna light aircraft—will be purchased, and it has been reported that Matra air-to-ground missiles will be bought as armament for these planes.

Fresh supplies of CS gas—from a U.S. supplier this time—have arrived in the past few months, as well as the latest-model Alouette helicopter with highly sophisticated electronic guidance and tracking equipment.

Perhaps most alarming was the recent blatant admission of the involvement of an Irish university in the design and manufacture of military equipment. Prototype armoured personnel carriers for the use of the Army are being built in U.C.D.'s Mechanical Engineering Department, and they may lead to the manufacture of considerable numbers of the vehicles at home. This might alleviate some of the harm done to the balance of payments by the large-scale purchases of foreign arms, but nobody appears to have thought about the one-immutable academic ethic that a university should not enter into the business of advancing the technology of warfare.

Meanwhile the build-up of Army personnel proceeds as well. Over 100 recruits a month have been joining up since the recruiting campaign started in February, and the aim is an extra 2,500 by next March. How many of these responded to the ridiculous slogan, "Army life is a man's life for you", and how many to the enhanced pay, is not quite clear.

The pattern of the arms purchases, along with some recently veiled comments in the Dail and the internal loyalty drive within the Army itself, suggest that a deliberate policy decision has been taken to abandon the emphasis on the Defence Forces' role as a "defence force" against invasion from outside the national territory. Instead, it appears that there is an intention to convert the Army into a more powerful internal police force, against "subversion" and to protect national "security".

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In a recent memorandum to officers on Army "image", their Intelligence Department (and, going a little further back, the political makers of policy, obviously) told them that they and the Army were "trained and skilled practitioners of force which they are able and willing to use against anyone whom the people of Ireland, through their elected representatives, tell them are their enemies." It reads vaguely as if the Army is something apart and distinct from the people of Ireland, or is required to be almost a private army of the ruling politicians.

A few people have noted dangers in the current trend. The Bishop of Ossory, Dr. Peter Birch, who is also national President of Pax Christi, has expressed concern at the idea that Ireland might get involved in the manufacture of implements for war, no matter what the economic justification was.

And the Union of Students in Ireland, more recently, has attacked the military expansion policy and pointed out the "striking parallels" between current Ireland and pre-fascist Greece—an economy dependent on foreign capital and tourism, and growing political unrest with the possible electoral defeat of a conservative regime. "Against whom is the Irish army being prepared to fight? For what reasons? When?" they asked.

All this re-arming comes, ironically, shortly after Ireland at the U.N. denounced armaments and expenditure on arms. But few Dail politicians questioned the anomaly. They were perhaps distracted by those stalwart warriors among them who urged (and got a favourable response from the Minister for Defence, Gerry Cronin) that all young men should be conscripted for a time.

Predictably, Stevie Coughlan was among those who knew the value that a bit of discipline and square-bashing could do for the young. He said last January that military training at school age level should be made compulsory. It would not do any harm to lads of 17, 18 or 19 years of age to be on the barracks square early in the morning, he allowed. And Liam Cosgrave liked the idea also.

With such inter-Party unanimity on the matter, it seems that the young men of the Republic may be learning to zapp the local equivalent of the Viet Cong with Matra missiles and sundry other delightful gadgets before too long. That is, of course, unless the young whippersnappers overstep their place and get some ideas of their own.

## *Dail Committee*

# A Job for Backbenchers?

IN AUGUST 1966, the three political parties in Dail Eireann agreed that an informal committee should be set up to review the constitutional, legislative and institutional bases of government, and the outcome of their deliberations was published in December 1967. All that, of course, was before the real trouble blew up in the North, and the committee's recommendations in relation to Article 3 of the Constitution (Extent of application of the Laws), Article 41.3 (Provisions relating to marriage) and Article 44.1 (Recognition of Religions), while conscious of the implications *vis-a-vis* the North, were mainly aimed at some updating of the Southern Constitution. In the event, none of the committee's recommendations were acted upon, but the arguments concerning the electoral system were used as an excuse to bring in the '68 referendum on P.R.

The terms of reference of the informal inter-party committee consisting of members of Dail Eireann only, which was established last week, are far more wide-ranging that those of the '66 Committee, but the first indications are that the outcome of this committee's work may be even more abortive than the last.

The objective of the new committee is "to make recommendations as to the steps now required to create conditions conducive to a united Ireland". It is a noble objective —and obviously not an easy one. The latter has, after all, been in dispute for several centuries already. But it is an objective that, with the best will in the world, no collection of southerners — and least of all nine middle-aged members of Dail Eireann — has the least chance of attaining. It is understandable that politicians should jealously guard their prerogative in this area, and the consideration of any resulting legislation would naturally remain with Oireachtas. But for this particular study, surely a committee representative of the communities that might at some time comprise a united Ireland would have been far more meaningful? The new committee—unlike the '66 one—does not even include some members of the Seanad. As a result, the specialised talents of men like Senator John Kelly (F.G.) and Senator Eoin Ryan (F.F.), who was a member of the '66 Committee, are denied to the Committee. Too, it is noticeable that no female has been nominated for membership and this is all the more surprising when one considers that contentious issues like the divorce legislation and the restrictions on contraception must form part of the "social" recommendations.

But at least both Fine Gael and Labour nominated their top people to membership. In both cases the deputy leader of the party and the spokesman on foreign affairs have been put forward. In addition to this, Fine Gael named Paddy Harte, the North-East Donegal deputy, to membership. Furthermore their appointments were known before the Taoiseach named the four F.F. backbenchers who are to serve on the committee. His choice of representatives has been derided north and south of the Border. And as one may put it, the suitability of Mr. Paddy Smith (aged 72) for the chairmanship of a committee deliberating on the "constitutional, legal, economic, cultural, and other relevant implications of a united Ireland" can only be compared to that of Caligula's horse for membership of the college of priests. In the last committee George Colley, who was then Minister for Industry and Commerce, took the chair, and Sean Lemass, after his retirement as Taoiseach, also joined the Committee. At least Fianna Fail gave some appearance of serious interest. Significantly too, they retained six of the twelve places on the '66 Committee. Indeed the very fact that the Government holds only four of the nine seats on the new committee is perhaps the most telling indication of all, of the real disinterest of Fianna Fail in this matter.

## *Gaeltacht Radio*

# Aindreas O Gallchoir Takes Over

AINDREAS O'GALLCHOIR, who last week succeeded Padraic O'Raghallaigh as Director of *Radio na Gaeltachta*, has what many of his former colleagues in RTE consider to be one of the most formidable challenges ever to face a broadcasting administrator in this country.

*Radio na Gaeltachta* has been a long time a-coming. A local radio service for Gaeltacht areas was first talked about as far back as 1926 when sound radio broadcasting in Ireland first started. The idea — like many another good political red herring — never got anywhere and was not heard of again until 1929 when the then Minister for Posts and Telegraphs Mr. J. J. Walshe revitalised it. Nothing happened and no more was heard of the matter until 1944 when Mr. de Valera set up a committee to examine and report on the feasibility of setting up such a service. It being war time with a hard drain on economic resources nothing happened. There, effectively, the matter rested until two years ago when the Gaeltacht Civil Rights Assocation set up its own radio transmitter in Rosmuc and with a few infrequent broadcasts proved that not only could a service be provided but that they would provide it if the Government didn't. The Government and George Colley in particular perhaps with an eye on civil rights associations in another quarter not too far removed from

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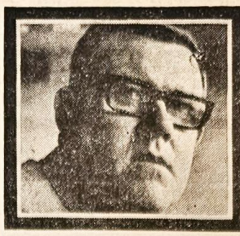

# MICHAEL Mc KEOWN
## In Belfast

WE SURELY are making progress. A bare 35 years ago when he was writing his Constitution for the Irish people Mr. de Valera sought the help of a Jesuit and a Holy Ghost father and studied literature emanating from such remote places as Melines and Paris. There is no evidence that he consulted any Northerners beyond Cardinal McRory. Now that Jack Lynch has decided his Master's voice should no longer be heeded in the land we/you are to have a brand new Constitution without benefit of clergy but with the advice of elected representatives of the people of the North.

I will sleep a mite easier knowing that the **gurus** and **gurriers** of Leinster House are going to seek the opinion of my betters before they hand down the laws for all my tomorrows. I know now how the Unionists feel about Willie Whitelaw and I feel for the fellow in the Bone who has written on a wall "Give the 26 Counties back to the North".

There should be Northern representation on that Dail Committee. Anybody with a titter of wit can see that but I'm not really so pushed that there isn't. I agree with Hegel where he said "What is called making a Constitution is a thing that has never happened in history—a Constitution only develops from the National spirit simultaneously with that spirit's own development." Our national spirit stopped developing in 1912. Since that time there has only been tribal development and now we have four tight little tribes—Northern Protestant, Northern Catholic, Southern Protestant and Southern Catholic, each doing its own little thing. National development has stopped because communication has been restricted and intercourse limited and I am not talking about **Ne Temere.** That is for another Committee than the Dail Committee.

To the Dail Committee I would say—Roll up your drafts. Constitution making is strictly for the bird brains. Tell Jack Lynch that he cannot have the sort of constitution he wants until his Government and his people do certain things. Tell him that the road to unity will not be opened until the road to Dublin has improved. We have been told for years that the Belfast/Dublin road is to be made into a dual carriageway. At the moment there are about 12 miles of dual carriageway, all of it north of Newry, financed and built by the people who are supposed to be opposed to the National spirit. Not quite true. There's a couple of hundred yards of dual carriageway at Dublin Airport. However, future historians will judge that C & A and Marks and Spencers did more than the Government in Dublin to encourage the movement of peoples across the border.

The national spirit has not been unduly cherished by R.T.E. either. Sociologists, God help us, have emphasised the unifying influence of programmes like "Coronation Street" upon the social mix of Britain. Who knows how "The Riordans" would modify the attitudes of the Ulster Protestant if only they could see it, but very few of them can. The cost of building a transmitter near the border to beam programmes into the six counties is too prohibitive and besides Markpress needs the money more.

Both roads and T.V. masts cost money. If the Government in Dublin wants to explore the meaning of the national spirit on a cut rate budget, how about getting the Censorship Board to scrutinise all those official publications issuing from Dublin which equate the Republic of Ireland with Ireland. It would have a desirably soothing effect on the over-heated imaginations of the members of the Board if they should occasionally be allowed to put down from their trembling hands "the Eunuch of Stamboul" and instead peruse and correct official documents claiming that the population of Ireland is three million people of whom 95% are Roman Catholic.

Another inexpensive concession to the National spirit would be a minor Constitutional change to make possible the creation in Northern Ireland of some nominating body for the office of President of Ireland. At the moment Paddy Devlin is vainly trying to get a vote in the Referendum. I'd be more interested in getting a vote and a nominating opportunity for the Presidency.

Apart from the fact that I have a few names of Northerners worthy of consideration in honour of the national spirit I have an awful fear after recent events that some goban in the South will want to nominate Terence O'Neill—I would prefer in that eventuality to have the right to cast a negative vote rather than the obligation of picketing the Phoenix Park.

But then a Government is not a people and we should perhaps look more to people than to Governments to foster a national spirit. We might look to all those people in the South who criticised the good burghers of Omagh when they tried to discourage a group of schoolchildren from voyaging to Wexford to visit the '98 sites. It would not be amiss to suggest that such critics travel to the Cave Hill to see where it all began. The beginning with Tone and McCracken looking down on Belfast Lough was at least as glorious as Vinegar Hill and Gorey. And when they're in Belfast such people should go and see the Orangemen marching. I know Conor Cruise O'Brien has, and I expect Paddy Harte has, but I doubt very much if Michael O'Kennedy or the other members of the Dail Committee have, and I think its a bloody cheek for anybody who has not seen the Orangemen to try and write a Constitution for the people of Ireland. And speaking of Orangemen why are they so ignored by Comhaltas Ceolteoiri Eireann, a body supposed to be concerned with the national spirit. At a Fleadh Ceoil you can hear every musical implement from the boran to the bones but there is never a competition for Lambeg drummers. Is the Lambeg drum not part of the national spirit? Let the Dail Committee recommend a State sponsored prize for lambegs at a national Fleadh and they'll have done more for the good government of this country than any Constitution could do.

I suppose there will be Northern public representatives happy to travel to Dublin to offer their help in the vain task of writing a Constitution. After all the Holy Ghost father who helped Mr. de Valera was plain Father Quaid at that time but he ended up as Archbishop of Dublin. I would like to think that any who do avail of Mr. Lynch's concession to the one third of the Irish people who live North of the Border will say to him: "Damn your concessions Jack Lynch. Give us back our country."

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the Gaeltachtai got the message. *Radio na Gaeltachta* emerged from the shadows of political promise and became a living sound on the air waves of the West, South, and North West of the country on Easter Sunday last.

In more ways than one Easter Sunday was only the beginning. The new service, so some people claimed, came too late to be of any real value to a scattered and diminishing group of Irish-speaking communities. Others felt that because of its close links with RTE (Donal O'Morain is Chairman both of RTE and *Radio na Gaeltachta*) the service could not properly reflect the social and community needs of the people it was supposed to serve. It was seen as a mini Radio Eireann; a service with a new name, new studios, and the same old ideas. A majority of people however reserved their opinions and not without some scepticism decided to see what forty-five years a-coming would finally prove to be worth.

Aindreas O'Gallchoir is well schooled to take over *Radio na Gaeltachta*. He was born in the Gweedore Gaeltacht of Co. Donegal and was educated at **Colaiste Einde**, Co. Galway — one of six State Preparatory Colleges, all of which have long ago been ceded to clerical control. He became a schoolmaster and taught in Sligo, Monaghan, Mountmellick and Dublin. He joined Radio Eireann in 1957 as an announcer and producer and was sent to Cork where he became assistant to Sean Mac Reamoinn who was at the time in charge of the Cork regional service. He spent five years in Cork returning to Dublin in 1962 to join the television service then in its infancy and in acute need of experienced personnel. He has since worked in various programme departments as a television producer. First in children's and educational programmes and latterly in current affairs and on special documentaries — an area of broadcasting in which he has been particularly successful. He instituted the highly successful 'Profiles of Irish Writers' series and along with James Plunkett and Patrick Gallagher brought 'Wednesday Report' into being at a time when the only other current affairs programme '7 Days' had passed from the Programmes Division into the control of the newsroom.

But O'Gallchoir's most significant contribution to broadcasting was undoubtedly his series of seven programmes on the signatories to the 1916 proclamation. 'On Behalf of the Provisional Government' showed a degree of craftsmanship, inventiveness and artistry which, with perhaps one or two exceptions, have not been equalled since they were produced in 1966. Last year O'Gallchoir produced, entirely from archive material, 'State of the Nation' a documentary which again showed a depth and sensitivity rare in television programmes.

O'Gallchoir is primarily a broadcaster and a meticulous compiler of programmes who invariably brings to his material a freshness of approach which marks the end result apart, a little, from the ordinary. That he is a programme maker first and an administrator second is something which will not go unnoticed by the people in the Gaeltacht areas who demand that the new service provides mature non patronising programmes. It is a quality which should stand him in good stead in Casla Connemara.

## *Trade Unions*

# The Next Wage Agreement

THE STAMPEDE towards a new National Wage Agreement will not begin to gather momentum until about the second week in June. Whether or not the result of the referendum will affect the issue is one of the imponderables. Currently the Irish Congress of Trade Unions, representatives of the big employer organisations and the Government, as employers, are discussing a new draft agreement in a sub-committee of the Employer Labour Conference. For 30,000 workers the existing agreement expires on June 30th next. What comes next?

The Government has been hinting at the desirability of an orderly approach to wages, and moderation. The Federated Union of Employers has indicated that it will want provision in any new agreement to excuse employers who are, or claim to be, unable to pay National Agreement increases.

The I.C.T.U. people have been told to go and talk but the clear understanding is that before any draft agreement is put to a special delegate conference for approval it must be issued to constituent unions in sufficient time for memberships to be consulted and delegates properly mandated. As yet there is no sign that there will be a draft agreement. It is likely that it will emerge eventually. But the stage for its emergence has not yet been set.

Most unions have stated that if there is to be an agreement, a common terminal date for it is practically a pre-requisite. The existing agreement for many workers extends way into 1973 whereas for some workers, about one-quarter of employees covered by it, the Agreement's 18-month period ends next month. Unless there is a set common terminal date voluntary wage restraint for many workers could be seen to be everlasting and would most likely be thrown out by the unions.

Non public service unions, especially those catering for blue collar workers, have seen the civil service people, who were most fervently for the existing National Agreement, gain wage increases hand over fist under it—but ostensibly under another heading altogether. Teachers have done well. The Gardai have done well. The influence of the public service unions in swinging the last National Agreement is unlikely to cut much ice this time. Additionally it is beginning to dawn on many trade union activists that the E.E.C. campaign is diverting attention from the fact that if a new draft agreement emerges it will probably not do so until about the middle of June. Consultation of workers will be scant except for the big unions like the Irish Transport and General Workers' and the Workers' Union of Ireland, who can command attention from Congress officials and get it.

The last thing that is likely to determine whether or not there is to be another National Agreement is the question of whether or not it is right. For one thing many workers didn't realise that the existing National Agreement signed away their rights to strike; the E.S.B. Shift Workers' action was as much a backlash against the National Agreement as it was against the E.S.B. The agreement was also an easy way out for lazy and unimaginative trade union officials, especially in their approach to finding answers to the increasing militancy of their members. The agreement also saved trade union money in disputes.

Even though the terms of the Agreement were inflationary, and known to be, it was allowing for that which could reasonably be anticipated and the number of big strikes was cut down. Whether this, in the long term, was good remains to be seen. Alienation among the trade union rank and file is now strong. Congress can't rely on worker apathy this time to push an agreement through. The threat of Government legislation—as existed the last time—won't stampede the unions this time. And the Government will find it difficult to mount another big tighten-your-belts campaign in the wake of the E.E.C. campaign.

As well, some big trade union officials, who have influential voices, have said things during the referendum which indicate the way their minds are working. General Secretary of the ITGWU, Mr. Michael Mullen, during the campaign wrote in the union's official journal, *Liberty*: ". . . We all know that at the present time the Employer/Labour Conference is examining the possibility of another National Wage Agreement. It is to be noted with alarm, however, that both the Government and the employers are stressing moderation as the chief feature of any wage agreement. I should like to know, in the name of God, how workers can be expected, on the one hand, to accept savage increases in living essentials and, on the other hand, be denied the necessary compensation or increase in wages packets to meet these increases, which are an absolute certainty and agreed by all if we joint the Common Market?"

A less anti-establishment figure, Mr. Sean O Murchu, a national group secretary of the ITGWU, but sufficiently well thought of by the Government to be given a seat on the RTE Authority, was also eloquent on the topic. In a warning to building workers, he said: "You cannot on the one hand opt into an increasing European prices situation and at the same time hope to conclude a wage agreement providing for a voluntary restraint on wages movements. The one naturally contradicts the other for the simple reason that controlled Irish wages movements will not work against the impact of increasing European prices. We must, therefore, in the event of voters being persuaded to favour EEC entry, look forward to a free-for-all on the wages front, with all the consequences this can have on costs generally throughout the Irish economy." Clearly, the EEC as a new factor cannot be ignored.

**Q.—Which Stormont Minister has not been invited to attend current meetings of the now demoted Ulster Cabinet?**

**A.—G. B. Newe, whom P.M. Brian Faulkner appointed "to keep in touch with Catholic thought".**

## *Education*

# Teachers Pay

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that teachers are to receive a pay increase of around nine per cent is something of a victory for concerted action by the three teachers' organisations, the I.N.T.O., V.T.A. and A.S.T.I. The Tribunal on Teachers' Salaries set up by the late Donagh O'Malley under the chairmanship of Professor Louden Ryan which reported in 1968 contained this recommendation: "A single scheme of conciliation and arbitration should replace the separate schemes for national, vocational and secondary teachers". The I.N.T.O. agreed (indeed it was something of a triumph for them because they claim the right to represent all teachers), the V.T.A. acquiesced not seeing much purpose in trying to retain a status quo that was superseded by events, but the A.S.T.I., a prisoner of its own public denunciation of the Ryan implications, would not come into line. The result was virtual deadlock in salary negotiations. New men and new attitudes have, apparently, brought about a change, and at the end of April representatives of the three associations came together with the officials of Education and Finance to negotiate the new proposals.

The teachers, when they did get together, had a strong argument going for them. Already the Government had increased the salaries of civil service executive officers by 10 per cent, and this was proving too strong a pill for teachers to swallow as the pay of the civil servants was now far in excess of the teachers whose educational qualifications demanded a period of study of from two to four years longer. What is worrying teachers now is that their award may not be ratified by Labour-Employer Conference on the grounds that it may be in conflict with the national agreement on wages. The hope that it will be rests on the clause that makes provision for the adjustment of anomalies in the pay of employees of comparable qualifications. Some teachers will, of course, claim that on this basis the award should be more, but it is unlikely that the point will be pursued.

The young man or woman entering the teaching profession can now look forward to a salary of about £21 a week or about £22 a week if the teacher has a university degree. After fourteen years, on average at the age of 38 to 40, those opting to remain single will get about £40, and a married man about £8 more. There are some extra allowances for those with honours university degrees and for those who do additional work by holding posts of special responsibility. The optimum allowance is payable to a married male teacher who has a doctor's degree and teaches on an island (as defined by the Department of Education for this purpose) in an area where the Irish language is the ordinary means of communication (as defined by the Department of Education for this purpose).

## *The Church*

# The Inconsistencies of 'Ne Temere'

"NE TEMERE inirentur clandestina conjugia . . ." ("To prevent clandestine marriages being irresponsibly entered into . . ."). So runs the first line of one of the most contentious regulations in the long history of the Roman Catholic Church—a first line which immediately betrays the historical origins of the decree and thereby discloses its basic irrelevance in an age which is scarcely aware of what a clandestine marriage is.

In the Latin Church, the ecclesiastical nature of marriage was always taken rather lightly, the presence of a priest not being required for a valid marriage. (There is a reminder of this downgrading of marriage in the fact that the Roman Ritual still discusses it apart from the other sacraments —and after the funeral service!). Marriages took place whenever and wherever the contracting parties wanted it. In the absence of State registration, such "clandestine" marriages often led to a situation in which the marital status of a large sector of the population was in doubt. It was to meet this situation that the Council of Trent passed the decree *Tametsi* in 1563. *Tametsi* was badly drafted and inadequately promulgated; among other things, it declared invalid all marriages between baptised non-Catholics. Efforts were made in the course of the 18th century to rectify matters and *Ne Temere*, coming into force on Easter Sunday, 1908, was meant to iron out the confusion left by Trent's decree.

Technically, it has to be pointed out, *Ne Temere* is not in force today. However, its legislation was built into the *1918 Code of Canon Law*, which set forth explicitly the requirement that both partners should give guarantees ("which should generally be demanded in writing") that all the children would be baptised and educated in the Catholic faith. Recent discussions on the "special position" of the Catholic Church in the Irish Constitution seem to have forgotten that these guarantees have the force of law as a result of the Tilson case.

At the second Vatican Council there were some strong feelings expressed at the way in which *Ne Temere* was operating against the Church. In Germany, in particular, Catholics frequently ignored it, got married in the Lutheran Church and were, in the eyes of their own Church, not merely living in sin but excommunicated. Unwisely, as we can now see, the problem was committed to the decision of Pope Paul. Twice since the Council the Pope has raised hopes of a generous solution and twice dashed these hopes with documents that promised to give much and ultimately gave nothing. The *Instruction* on mixed marriages of 1966 and the *Motu Proprio* of 1970 both retain the basic concepts of *Ne Temere*, though allowing certain minor concessions as a sop to ecumenism.

The inconsistencies inherent in the Roman position cry out for a radical reappraisal. The insistence on Roman Catholic upbringing of all the children involves violation of the conscience of the non-Roman Catholic partner, something which Vatican II itself rejects. Further, the invalidation of a marriage contracted by a Catholic other than in his own Church runs directly counter to the declared

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**Q.—Who was the only Catholic who has so far refused a seat on the new Commission for Northern Ireland?**

**A.—Maurice Hayes, ex-Chairman of the Community Relations Commisison. He was not satisfied with the powers of the new Commission.**

# There are still things in life worth valuing

The skill of a good writer
The door of a fine house
The love of a good woman
The taste of a great whiskey

**Jameson–one of the great whiskeys**

## POINT OF VIEW

### Hugh Munro

DAMMIT, it was just like old times. When the protagonists in the Common Market argument got around to regional policy and began to beat each other over the head with their respective bladders of hot air, you got all the empty sound and bombinating fury peculiar to a Free State argument about a non-issue. Incomes policy, economic planning, community schools and now regional policy — these non-issues have been the staple diet of political and sociological argument over the past eight years; and, in practice, the arguments have clarified nothing.

Regional policy in 1972 was what incomes policy was in 1965 — a policy that everyone was in favour of but which nobody could define. Faded with such a topic, boring dull-as-ditchwater people like the English or the Germans would first have felt compelled to define what purpose regional policy was supposed to serve and then to go on to think out what exact kind of policy would serve the purpose best; but not so with your mercurial, imaginative, poetic Celt. Let's cut out these dull, prosaic stages of the job, he is apt to say, and get down to the real ding-dong, to the party political battle. Send not to know what regional policy may be: it is enough to know that it is a Good Thing. Whatever it is, we in Fianna Fail know we have been sent by God to administer it. Whatever it is, we in Fine Gael and Labour know that Fianna Fail will get it wrong. So why waste time on the tedious preliminaries; why not get down right away to the mutual denunciations?

For all the valiant efforts of most of the pro-E.E.C. people and some of the Antis to debate the real issues, the issues that demanded hard argument, the easy option —to switch the debate to the non-issue of regional policy — proved all too often tempting. Strange that after four weeks of debate we ended up knowing little more about the E.E.C. and nothing at all about regional policy?

But what could the terms mean anyway? What is the thinking behind the idea? (That is, if "thinking" is not too dignified a word: "credulity" might be better). Simple faith is the mark of the regional policy addicts; simple faith in the proposition that poor areas can be made to increase their wealth faster than rich areas do, and that by the adoption of policies different from those which caused the rich areas to become rich in the first place. This proposition involves the assumption that the firms who currently choose to operate in the rich areas have got it all wrong; that there is some policy, unknown to these firms but which will be dreamed up by some government economist or sociologist, which is going to make it easier for them to expand production and make profits in the poorer areas than it currently is in the richer areas. It is a staggering proposition, demanding close justification — which it never gets.

No doubt, there are reasons for regretting the existence of areas of the world which are poorer than others; but it looks to me uncommonly like a simple fact of life. We live in an unevenly-divided, diverse world, in which there always have been and always will be poorer areas like most of Africa, like Southern Italy, like Connemara. And while we may regret this, the first question to be asked is not "What policies will improve matters?" but simply "Why are they poor in the first place?"

And the answer to that is "Because they are remote from large urban areas." It is pointless to bewail the concentration of wealth in the Birmingham — Ruhr — Paris triangle. Cities have been, as Jane Jacobs has shown in "The Economy of Cities," the source of new ideas, of inventions, of developments in trade and culture since before recorded time. Agriculture, even, was developed from cities; to this day, the further you get from cities the cruder the practice of farming gets.

Remote, rural areas have, no doubt, many advantages. They may have unspoilt scenery; they may breed brave, generous, poetic men; but they do not produce great wealth, or the high culture which goes with cities.

If the people who live in poorer areas are to be made rich in their own right then those areas will have to be urbanised; and if we jib at that, and want rural people to have urban living standards while keeping their areas rural and unspoiled, then they must be helped by means which do not increase their intrinsic power to earn wealth but which, in one way or another, amount to outdoor relief. The E.E.C. agricultural price system is effectively a form of dole, a subsidy from the urban areas.

In a world where productivity increases by 4% a year but where peoples' stomachs remain the same size, the gradual depopulation of agricultural areas is inevitable. There is a limit to the amount of food needed, and and the number of people needed to produce it is lessening.

There is no doubt that the anti-E.E.C. people were right when they said that E.E.C. policy was to get people off the land, and that E.E.C. required regional policy — in Southern Italy, say — was having no particular success in reducing the relative poverty of that area. The pro-E.E.C. people could, if they were candid to the point of foolhardiness, have replied that tempting people to get off the land was only sensible policy; and that E.E.C. regional policy would be, firstly, a refined form of outdoor relief which could do little to increase the inherent capacity of the area to generate wealth, and secondly a policy of retraining people to the point where they can sell their services in the urban areas and so can get the hell out of Apulia or Rosmuc to where the gravy is. Regional policy outside the E.E.C. would be exactly the same as it would be within, with the difference that there would be less cash to work it with.

But it is not possible to conduct political debate in the Free State on this factual level. All parties must proclaim their intention to increase rural wealth while maintaining rural population; to industrialise rural areas while preserving the environment. There are times when I feel the whole Save The West movement wants to keep the West of a kind of human zoo, a sterilised four-thousand-square-mile Bunratty folk village where the inmates maintain the old way of life in decent subsidised comfort, while the Save-the-Westers, glad that no-one was shouting stop the particular day they left home on the Dublin train, live it up in the urban fleshpots.

A regional development policy might make sense insofar as it was designed to exploit specific regional resources, like fisheries or tourism. But a policy designed to encourage industry to develop in areas where it would not otherwise develop is merely an elaborate form of dole, with the debilitating effect a dole has.

Regional policy, then, is sterilisation, is stultification. Cities are the centre and the source of the development of wealth; and the development of the Free State must centre around Dublin and Cork. And the sooner we realise it, the better.

(Continued from page 6)

**Q.—Who had most to say to each other, off-screen after that TV marathon on Ireland recorded in Boston last month?**

**A.—Rory Brady and Bill Craig. Observers reported that they didn't seem to agree on much, but they talked together for hours.**

ecumenical policy of the Roman Catholic Church. The arrogance and intolerance displayed in the operation of this legislation is entirely at variance with the spirit of Christianity and is losing far more members for the Catholic Church than it is gaining through the Catholic upbringing of the children whom it is seeking to keep within its fold.

The Irish situation is particularly intolerable. Some Irish bishops are not even implementing the minor concessions made in the two most recent Papal documents, thereby forcing their subjects to go to England or elsewhere seeking a dispensation whose terms do not violate their conscience. Many Roman Catholics will accept the evaluation of a recent Church of Ireland diocesan synod :

"We regret to say that one of the causes of sectarian division in our community is the continuance of the *Ne Temere* decree, for no other decree of the Roman Catholic Church has proved such a stumbling block to ecumenical progress at the level of ordinary social contact."

Clandestine marriages are a thing of the dim, distant past. It is high time that the legislation drawn up to deal with them should be repealed.

## *The North 1*

# The Amnesty Weapon

MR. WILLIAM WHITELAW'S announcement of an amnesty for all those convicted of breaking Stormont's parade ban, brings to three the number of occasions this exceptional procedure has been employed during the present Northern crisis.

While an amnesty, an official act of clemency wiping out conviction and sentence, is a convenience expedient for lowering the political temperature and allowing an embattled regime a breathing space, it also has its dangers. The most serious is the possible effect on the judicial process. By overriding the decisions of prosecutors and courts an amnesty can undermine faith in the courts by identifying them with the political difficulties of the regime forced to introduce the amnesty. With Mr. Whitelaw's amnesty, that is not a very serious consideration since confidence in the institutions of the State including the courts is now at rockbottom in both communities. The North's divided community provides an additional hazard; an amnesty welcomed by one side may be seen as appeasement or discriminatory by the other. Reaction to Mr. Whitelaw's amnesty which benefited only the opposition was, however, muted among loyalists.

An amnesty is not invariably a political affair. The Republic introduced an amnesty affecting 500 persons imprisoned for offences in 1950 to coincide with the Holy Year.

Like Mr. Whitelaw's amnesty the North's first amnesty was also introduced to avoid imprisonment arising out of illegal marching. In December 1968, Captain O'Neill announced a "postponement" of prosecutions for six months of those facing the courts for breaking William Craig's infamous ban on the October 5th march in Derry. Faced with a rising tide of Civil Rights protests and an equally strong resistance within his own party, O'Neill could neither afford to prosecute or grant a complete amnesty, so he postponed prosecutions granting an amnesty in all but name. The stay on prosecution covered sixty defendants being tried in Derry including Mr. Gerry Fitt, Eddie McAteer, and Eamonn McCann.

The dangers inherent in such a move were soon apparent. The Rev. Ian Paisley to whom the amnesty extended for his part in blocking the Civil Rights march in Armagh on November 30th, denounced it as appeasement. He eventually forced the Administration's hand into prosecuting him and his colleague Major Bunting and both ended up in prison. O'Neill's amnesty was thus to provide for Paisley an essential rung on the ladder to political prominence.

In May 1969, O'Neill's successor, Major Chichester Clarke introduced a further amnesty. Although this extended back to wipe out completely the October 5th prosecutions, it was interpreted as an amnesty for the Protestants. An immediate effect was to release Paisley and Bunting from prison and it also extended to the Burntollet ambushers, whose prosecution at any stage was anyway unlikely.

The latest amnesty by Mr. Whitelaw has been presented as a gesture to the Minority. The numerous breaches of the parades ban since January, the most spectacular being the Newry march following on Bloody Sunday in Derry, had meant that almost every opposition leader had been prosecuted and convicted. Although most had received suspended sentences, some including the Westminster M.P.s Bernadette Devlin and Frank McManus had accumulated several years imprisonment apiece. With the suspension of Stormont and the problem of Orange parades looming some relaxation of the ban was inevitable, as was an amnesty. The alternative facing Whitelaw was not only the imprisonment of Opposition members but the prosecution of Vanguard and Orange leaders who had broken the ban on processions openly since Direct Rule.

Ironically a major problem now facing Mr. Whitelaw is the demand for a further amnesty; the call by Opposition groups for the release of all internees and convicted political prisoners. The sticking point is not the internees who must sometime be released, but those who are serving sentences for political offences. Both Republican movements have demanded that the amnesty for political prisoners should extend to those in English as well as Northern jails and should embrace loyalist prisoners like Gusty Spence.

The demands as well as the problems it creates have arisen before. In 1922 Michael Collins and James Craig signed an agreement, known as the Craig-Collins Pact, designed to end hostilities on both sides in the North. One Article of the Pact provided for the release of political prisoners by both Governments. Craig wrote to Collins requesting the release of Specials taken prisoner in Clones. Collins promptly released them and submitted his own list of 169 political prisoners retained in Belfast, Derry and Peterhead prisons. Three of the prisoners had been convicted of murder and sixty for arms and ammunition offences. Craig refused to release any of them, disputing they were political prisoners. He told Collins that what he meant by a political prisoner was someone who "had committed a technical offence owing to their political views; it would be impossible to amnesty persons who had been convicted of the serious crimes, such as murder, attempted murder and being found in possession of bombs or arms".

Collins protested that he had released the Clones prisoners without demur and that Craig was reneging on the Agreement. The Pact broke down and the question of an amnesty for political prisoners was unresolved until the Boundary Agreement of 1925. Craig then told Stormont that "as an act of grace" he had agreed to the review by the British Government of the cases of persons convicted of offences in Northern Ireland during the period of disturbance, and that the decision to release in each case would be accepted by the Government of Northern Ireland. Craig's government, however, retained their own definition of political prisoner by the expedient of serving exclusion orders under the Special Powers Act against those released they did not want in the country.

With Stormont gone, history is not likely to repeat itself exactly, but some of the problems will, when Mr. Whitelaw or a successor gets down, as he inevitably must, to opening the jails.

**Q.—Why was the Scout Shop in Belfast bombed recently?**

**A.—Because the Provos had been getting their berets there, and when they were turned away because suspicions had been aroused they said they would be back. They were, with a bomb.**

# When you want plain smoking pleasure Major Extra Size is the cigarette for you.

*Right of Reply*

# Socialism And Communism

## Ernest Gebler

AT FIRST GLANCE Hugh Munro (April 28th) seemed to be speaking in the muddled terms of a Nineteen Thirties Catholic Truth Society booklet — about to warn at any moment that socialism was out to nationalise wives and put our children in State brothels. The bogy word "Communism", with full frightening capital treatment, being misused as a blanket word to mean all form of socialism from New Testament to insane Stalin.

He *must* be having fun. But in case not, for the sake of the innocent, the world being confusing enough, let us look at the most hair-raising (or hilarious) of his assertions: He accuses socialism of never, anywhere, producing anything approaching Utopia. Has he been mistaking cranks or pub talkers for socialists? Socialists are the kind of people who strive to prevent Dublin Bay becoming a cess pool, an industrial wasteland, a sea thick with sewage, mercury and every other poison, who try to do something about milk in plastic bottles which are now known to give off subtle poisons. Socialist strive for bread, peace, security, hope in life. They rarely if ever talk about, let alone promise utopias.

He says capitalism makes no judgements about the work-worth of the individual. If that's not a joke he's stark staring mad. It makes no judgements that miners are *not* worth £20 a week? That women are worth less in a factory than men *because* they are women and need less?

"Under Capitalism a poor man can keep his dignity; his poverty implies no inferiority." Really, Hugh Munro. . . Close the other eye. Send for the men in white coats. If feeding Euclid to a boy of ten does that to his mind, the practise must be stopped instantly by State Decree.

Russia's kind of socialism is bad, he says, because being well off means you are well got with the government. (Shostakovitch? Mstislav Rostropovich?) Apply that rule to Ireland and we are rotting to the core. Apply it to America, the shrine of "free enterprise", and the mind reels.

In fun or otherwise nothing connects in this attitude. Suicides in Hungary make no more sense than anywhere else. World suicide statistics are wholly meaningless. Suicide by drink over a number of years is as much suicide as by a pistol, or by death-wish driving, or by hatred-induced cancer, etc., etc. Slow death (natural death) outnumbers official suicide in every country a hundredfold. In the American drug scene a thousandfold. Could it be that those suicides in a socialist country which he uses as an argument against "Communism" (blanket term) are largely of people in that minority who cannot live without the stimulus of aggressive acquisition? He could, however, have more cheerfully noted that Hungary this year set up a nationwide monitoring network to analyse all farm produce for harmful hormonal-drug-chemical traces, and that it is the first safeguard check system of its kind in Europe. Cheers for Dublin's contaminated milk (at last admitted) for infant bottles and for our high suicide rate by whiskey bottle.

Socialism is any system Christian or Marxist by which men combine to make their brief and only existence less cruel and corrupting by controlling the cannibal instincts. Many systems loosely or firmly based on Marxism, from the Welfare State to puritan monastic Chinese communism are presently working. Many of them have considerably improved the lot of the majority of their populations. To rebuild a Polish city lovingly, stone by stone, as it was, classic and graceful, is not candyfloss. To rebuild from burnt shreds the royal palaces around Leningrad after the retreating German industrialist-militarists had burnt them to the ground is not candy floss.

It is now accepted by responsible sociologists and economists that man cannot "afford" freedom, individualism, capitalism, the Greed Society. In free India millions fight for two square yards of filthy pavement on which to lead out an average life of thirty-four years of total degradation, to live and die in their own excrement without ever being able to spell their own name. Next door in unfree China everyone now sleeps in a bed, has security in work, takes some part in his local government; mass disease, prostitution, sale of women and children, warlords, torture, famine exist no more. We in our soft lives have no right to say what price such peoples can or cannot pay for such "candy floss".

In our Greed Society people are driven to compete vulgarly, to consume mindlessly, and to peddle faster and faster by every means of cunning propaganda, that the owners of the means of production may hoard unto their private selves greater and greater amounts of dividend wealth and rentable property. Man, like his animals, is subject to spiritual and physical degeneration, corruption by gross feeding and soft living. It is unlikely that the Greed Society will change of itself in the near future, or allow itself to be modified without violent reaction. There is also a high probability that human existence will grind screaming to a halt. There is enough hydrogen death pointing everywhere from holes in the ground to kill every living thing four times over. It is not only that such forces are controlled by Nixon mentalities; the danger of accident increases daily. Every day millions of tons of chemical "waste" are poured up into the delicately balanced atmospheric envelope that clings to the earth. At any time now it may "tip over" chemically, and the world die, quite rapidly. While we put retarded boy scouts on the moon to play bouncy. The longer prospect is that of the race increasing a few thousandfold and actually drowning in its own excrement. Socialists are those who hope to change the world in time, and in the meanwhile to even increase the quality of existence.

"Communism" does not produce "a spiritual desert" any more than the Catholic Church does. If the general body of belief of "Christianity" was put into practise the world would be so beautiful we could not stand it. If the general body of belief of Communism - Marxism - Socialism was put into effect, the same beautiful state of human existence would rapidly come into being. Because there is nothing inherently evil, anti-life, in either. The fault is not in the belief, but in the fallible, greedy, muddled mediocrity of the kind of men who grasp power particularly in these countries.

Socialism can look after its own spiritual states. It's the Irish spiritual desert that the sad Hugh Munros come to that worries me.

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**Q. How has "Michael Ryan" suspended the circulation of Jack Higgins's "The Savage Day" in Ireland?**

**A. Michael Ryan is the name of the central figure in this I.R.A. thriller. Michael Ryan is also, in reality, a member of Sinn Fein Ard Comhairle. Collins, the publishers, feared a libel action and withheld distribution. In future editions, the name will be changed—to Michael Cork.**

**Q. What other group made a "mistake" in quoting German food prices during the E.E.C. campaign?**

**A. Fianna Fail. In a pamphlet entitled "The E.E.C. and Prices," they point out that "actual German prices are lower" and give the example of tea, which is apparently an incredible 42p CHEAPER per lb. than in Ireland. The average Irish price for tea is 40p per lb.**

*The North 2*

# Roy Bradford: A Fish Out of Water

AS HEARD ON RTE, it was a pretty surprising statement, coming from an ex-Minister at Stormont: "I, in principle, would certainly welcome some forum where the problems which face both the North of Ireland and the South could be discussed in a realistic way."

The speaker was Roy Bradford, former Minister of Development in Brian Faulkner's Government and the forum he was apparently talking about was the Constitution committee, which the Taoiseach had suggested could be open to Unionists. (Later it turned out that the invitation wasn't as open as all that, but Bradford wasn't to know). It sounded like a breakthrough, but more careful inquiry revealed something more like a breakdown in communications. The forum Bradford had in mind had nothing to do with the Republic's Constitution, but with the economic implications of EEC entry and the need for North-South co-operation in tackling their common problems.

It sounded very like a Parliamentary Council of Ireland, of the kind which Mr. Faulkner was willing to accept in his last-minute bid to prevent direct rule by Westminster. But no other member of the old Government has dared to mention it since the great betrayal, and Roy Bradford is probably the only one who would. Unlike the others, he doesn't mind the occasional leap in the dark, provided he can always jump back again.

He can do this, where the typical Unionist cannot, because of his smooth tongue. He is the wheeler-dealer of Glengall Street, the Charley Haughey type, who, no matter how often he takes a tumble, always manages to climb to the top again. No one knows what his political principles are, if any, but he could put up an unbeatable case to prove that black is white and then do a complete about-turn —a facility which comes in useful for Unionists.

His gift of the gab—he used to chide the Stormont Opposition for their "hyperboles of gloom" and "pipedream panaceas" —has been with him since his school days at Belfast "Inst" and mod. lang. successes at Trinity. Son of a school headmaster, he took an excellent degree and plunged into the world of TV journalism in London, winning a modest reputation as one of the early documentary writers/performers on independent television. He showed his business head by getting in on the ground floor of Garden Restaurants, now a successful chain, but it was really power he wanted.

A safe seat at Westminster for an Ulster constituency was his aim and he touted himself from delegate to delegate and branch meeting to branch meeting without success. Finally, in November, 1965, he decided that he would have to prove himself in a Stormont election and, to everyone's surprise—and his own embarrassment —he pulled off the impossible by toppling Labour's champion, David Bleakley, in the shipyard constituency of Victoria, helped by a free-spending Madison Avenue campaign. (He even got an election jingle recorded, which blared out from every street corner).

Landed with a precarious Stormont seat, instead of a cushy Westminster launching pad, he made the best of a second-best job by setting his sights on a Ministerial career. In a Parliament of plodders, he was a pusher and, for all his evident unpopularity with the Unionist hacks, he moved steadily up the ladder to a job in Terence O'Neill's Government as successor to Brian Faulkner at the Ministry of Commerce.

As an O'Neillite, he slaughtered Bleakley at the 1969 elections and retained his old post under Jimmy Chichester-Clark, despite Faulkner's attempt to grab a bit more of the job-hunting glory. But by this time, the troubles were beginning to take the shine off the 45% industrial grants and a 1971 headline told the story "Third time unlucky for Bradford in Europe." He was hardly ensconced in the new Ministry offices, with luxurious penthouse suite designed by himself, when Chichester-Clark bowed out and Faulkner was in. He badly wanted his old job back again in the new administration, so badly that it looked as if he might turn down the hot-seat of Development, but in the end he relented. Under him, the selling of local government reform, begun under Faulkner, was successcarried through and he would have seen his efforts come to fruition in October if the job had lasted.

As a Minister, he was better than the usual run of mouthpieces for the civil service, but his superior airs and intelligence won him few friends. His chief asset was as a media man, one of the very few Unionist politicians who could be left in the same studio as the new generation of civil rights politicians and be relied upon to come out alive. He had a glib answer for every occasion and yet his relish for debate, rather than sullen silence, helped him to project a faintly liberal image. He even flirted with the idea of joining the Alliance Party, and perhaps leading it, in its early stages, but it was only a momentary aberration. Roy Bradford has always been out for the main chance and he knows that up to now this has only been found at the end of a red, white and blue rainbow.

During the last months of Stormont, from August to March, he was as hard-line as any, once declaring that "the only way to end defiance of the law is to strengthen and make more effective the forces of the law." If he had any doubts about the wisdom of the mailed fist approach, he kept them for the Cabinet table and seemed to see his duty to keep Westminster up to the mark. His judgment was probably no worse than the others, but he spoke up more often, and a dramatic warning in November that Ulster faced economic bankruptcy within a few weeks had to be hastily denied all round, recalling an earlier row, when he was blamed for cutting power to industry during a 1970 strike, before it seemed really necessary.

Out of office, he is very much a fish out of water, who can be depended upon to try to find a new pool to swim in. He has chimed in with the rest of the jilted Cabinet, calling curses on Heath and all his works, but is likely to snap out of it quicker than most. He is sharp enough to know that Stormont isn't coming back in a form that will carry much power or glory, and therefore Westminster must be his alternative, if one of the Ulster M.P.s can be winkled out of his seat.

That is probably the height of his ambition now, at 51, but if it ever looked as if Britain was going to scuttle on the North, after trying her damnedest to kill the Ulster problem with kindness and money, Roy Bradford would be a formidable advocate of the Protestant case in a new Ireland. He need not be expected to make a move until the transition is beyond doubt—no one could accuse him of being a pioneer—but with his urbanity and opportunism he obviously would fit perfectly into the Dublin political scene.

Cardinal Conway visiting parishioners at Dundalk.

# Cardinal Conway's Opportunity

SHORTLY AFTER his elevation Cardinal Conway made a *triumphal* tour of the Falls area in Belfast. It was still possible for a Cardinal to be cheered for what he represented, for being a symbol for people who had precious few symbols to hearten them. That was a long time ago. Even then there were some who wondered at how many empty seats there were in the Pro-Cathedral, but today a Cardinal has to render an account of his stewardship, being called upon to do so even in the pages of Belfast's conservative *Irish News*. It seems to many people that having been elevated at a time when there was crisis in the church anyway, the Cardinal has now an impossible job. There are too many kinds of Catholics for the Cardinal to represent them adequately. There are too many Northern Catholics who no longer wish to be represented by him because out of the post-1966 agony they have learned the value of independence. What can he do?

The uproar in Ballyshannon was probably a significant event in the Cardinal's life. He had seen violence in the violent city in which he was brought up. Now he saw, too closely for comfort, the reality of the violence underlying all Irish life, a violence which Catholics not only suffered, but used. He said so and his remarks shocked many people into realising that all was far from well, but also that more was required from leaders than enough sensitivity to be shocked by events and to comment upon them. Ability to foresee and forestall, to cope serenely with what cannot be avoided, to create good change in society are also required for leadership. While the Cardinal has never shown the sureness of touch, the *flair* of some of his famous continental colleagues, he has never lacked concern for the people, whoever they may be. Perhaps indeed it is this very concern that makes it difficult for him to move decisively at all.

He does not say decisive things as a rule. He does say that if the Southern Constitution were changed to omit reference to the special position of the Catholic Church he would not mourne the change; he does say that the wishes of the people are against further violence. He seldom says, "I believe that this or that is what we must do, so let us try together. But in the present climate of Irish thinking that kind of sensitivity will not do. He has been, and is, bitterly attacked by the Provisionals, criticised by many Catholics, accused of duplicity by extreme Protestants, given less than trust by Protestants in general; men who have said and done worse have been better treated by public opinion than he.

He feels strictly bound by the need to preserve intact what has been handed on to him; bound especially by the laws of the Church. There is no indication that he is prepared, or feels able, to yield an inch on divorce, or contraception, even when what is being talked about is simply removing power from the courts to punish citizens for acting "immorally." He greatly fears opening the floodgates if *anything* is conceded. Concern for people lies behind his concern for law. The ideal of the State as the guardian of public morality still plays a large part in his thinking. The power of the Church to persuade people to do right without the benefit of law to push them on to it seems, on the other hand, not to be one of his strong convictions.

When the Northern Government put forward its new scheme for management of voluntary schools — the four and two committees — the strongest opponent of the scheme was the Bishop of Down and Connor, who issued a condemnatory statement immediately after the Government announcement. It has been said that eventual acceptance of the scheme by the Church authorities was due to Cardinal Conway, who saw that the traditional opposition to such a scheme had been based largely on fear and that the church authorities could not hold out against change at a time when Catholics themselves were more and more in favour of at least admitting the possibility of it. During the negotiations it was remarked with asperity by one of the officials on the Government side that church authorities seemed more afraid of control by their own laypeople than of control by Protestants. It was a perceptive remark.

What then can be expected of the Cardinal in the time ahead? Certainly not the dramatic, almost reckless generous gesture which would enable Protestants of goodwill to breathe a sigh of relief. Ne Temere, for instance, is not in question. Nor the sudden identification of himself with people at the level of the streets. He is, as he would quickly point out, one of them, but he is not, so to say, vulgar enough to deal with them too directly. He still, in 1972, admits that he knows no I.R.A. men. It is a significant portion of his Northern flock not to be acquainted with. Nor will he be in the vanguard of a movement to change the laws, customs or demands of the Church — if authority goes, what is left?

What he can contribute is prefaced by a great "If." If he can be persuaded to take a risk, if he can be persuaded to believe that just as the people have the I.R.A. so they have the antidote to it in their sometimes fumbling, sometimes impressively successful community enterprises; if he can be persuaded to borrow from some of the continental brethren the idea of experiment, he could well become a leader of significance not only in Ireland but in the church as a whole. He has the moral stature for it, the sensitivity, the spiritual quality. And Northern Ireland has given him, cetainly, the golden opportunity.

# Diary of the Year

**Wednesday, April 26:** An Taisce buys 18 lots from the King's Inns sale of books at Sotheby's for £2,780. Ten internees are released from Long Kesh internment camp. Mr. Barry Shaw, the Northern Ireland Director of Public Prosecutions, announces that he will examine the evidence surrounding the shooting of Mr. Joe McCann, a leading member of the official I.R.A., in the Markets area of Belfast nearly two weeks ago.

●

**Thursday, April 27:** The Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Mr. Whitelaw, lifts the ban on marches in the North and announces an amnesty for all those convicted of organising or taking part in illegal processions since December 25. The E.S.B. shiftmen go back to work.

●

**Friday, April 28:** Women in the Woodstock Road area of East Belfast object to R.U.C. treatment of Protestant youths during rioting in the area. Senior executives of the Voluntary Health Insurance Board meet in an effort to find some stop-gap solution to the problems posed by the 50% increase in fees for the maintainance of patients in voluntary hospitals.

●

**Saturday, April 29:** Mr. William Craig addresses an Ulster Vanguard rally at the Embankment in London. An 8 year-old girl and a 50-year-old man are killed as violence continues in the North. Ireland beats France 24 points to 14 in the rugby international at Lansdowne Road.

●

**Sunday, April 30:** The interment camp at Magilligan, Co. Derry, closes down.

●

**Monday, May 1:** Eight bombs explode in a factory in Carrickferbus, Co. Down, killing one man and injuring 15 people. Following four nights of rioting by Tartan gangs in East Belfast, the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Mr. Whitelaw, appeals for restraint.

●

**Tuesday, May 2:** The Westminster Group of Unionist M.Ps elect Mr. James Kilfedder (North Down) as their secretary in place of Mr. Stratton Mills (North Belfast), who resigned the position last week. Two British soldiers, two youths and a boy are shot in Belfast.

●

**Wednesday, May 3:** The Government announces a revised regional development policy designed to derive maximum benefit from the aids available for this purpose within the E.E.C. Seven people are hurt in shooting incidents in the North. Mr. Basil Melvor, M.P., becomes the first Unionist ex-minister to give implied backing to the Whitelaw administration. Mr. Jimmy Bruen, the well-known golfer and first Irishman to win the British Amateur Championship, died at the age of 52.

●

**Thursday, May 4:** The Secretary of State for Northern Ireland announces that the Belfast shipyard of Harland & Wolff is to be modernised and expanded at a cost of £35m., and 4,000 new jobs are to be provided. The terms of reference for the All-Party Northern Ireland Constitution Committee are announced by the Taoiseach, Mr. Lynch, in the Dail. Two soldiers are wounded in Belfast.

●

**Friday, May 5:** Michael Joseph Willis, a member of the Official I.R.A., escapes from Crumlin Road Prison, Belfast. Cardinal Conway visits Long Kesh internment camp.

●

**Saturday, May 6:** The British M.P., Mr. Enoch Powell, addressing a Unionist rally at Newtownards, Co. Down, calls for an end of "colonial" status and full integration of Northern Ireland with Great Britain.

●

**Sunday, May 7:** Two youths are injured in separate shooting incidents in Belfast.

●

**Monday, May 8:** Eleven British soldiers suffer minor injuries and shock when a bomb explodes on Derry Walls. Two Gardai foil an attempt to steal £4,000 from the Bank of Ireland, Moville, Co. Donegal.

●

**Tuesday, May 9:** Proponents and opponents of Ireland's entry into the E.E.C. bring their campaign to its climax on the eve of Referendum day.

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STANDING FROM LEFT: Michael Begley, Gaeltacht and Fisheries; Patrick Cooney, Justice; Gerald L'Estrange, Public Works and Lands; Peter Barry, Labour; Patrick Hogan, Health; Dick Burke, Posts and Telegraphs; Tom O'Donnell, Transport and Power; Donal Creed, Social Welfare; Richard Collins, Education; Godfrey Timmins, Chief Whip; John Bruton, Agriculture. SEATED: Tom Fitzpatrick, Local Government; Richie Ryan, External Affairs; T. F. O'Higgins, Deputy Leader; Liam Cosgrave, Leader; Garret FitzGerald, Finance; Patrick Donegan, Industry and Commerce; Mark Clinton, Defence.

# FINE GAEL—Before the Ard-Fheis

## Maurice Manning

NEXT WEEKEND the Fine Gael Ard-Fheis will open in Cork, the first time it has even been held out of Dublin—and if it follows the pattern of previous Ard-fheisanna it will have a distinctive flavour of its own. There will be little sign of the cut-throat competition or the frantic jockeying for power that is such a characteristic of the Fianna Fail gatherings. Nor will there be any of the ideological fractiousness or prima donna posturings that have marked some of the recent Labour conferences. There will, it is true, be competition for some offices and there will be some policy disagreement, even criticism. But it will be discreetly expressed and smothered in the displays of solidarity and loyalty, in the speeches evoking the great traditions of Fine Gael and the part played by its leaders in the building up of the State and in the collective indignation which the very mention of Fianna Fail is capable of arousing, in the assembled breasts.

The size of the gathering at the Ard Fheis will be adequate testament of Fine Gael's ability to command deep and lasting support and yet few parties have been less good to its supporters than Fine Gael. The party's electoral record is not a happy one —two three-year periods in office since its foundation in 1933; long periods in the doldrums, sporadic flashes of hope but little real indication of an ability to emerge as a realistic challenger to the supremacy of Fianna Fail. The referendum victories of 1959 and 1968, and the near success of Tom O'Higgins in 1966 were not followed by Fine Gael successes where it really counts—in the general elections. The party is still in the role it found itself in at the time of its foundation in 1933—the second party in a system dominated by one majority bent party. It has spent 40 years attempting to break out of that mould with no success.

And yet a party which can survive for so long without power and without at times even the hope of gaining power and which can command such a strong residue of loyal support as Fine Gael does must have strong roots. Moreover a party which can persist so long out of power, and still remain a responsible political party, as Fine Gael manifestly is must have some strong sense of conviction about its own ultimate destiny and role.

Fine Gael has both. And in fact it is stronger now than it has been during most of its history. The recent front-bench reshuffle has added a new sharpness and given a touch of vigour to its appearance in the Dail. Man for man, with just a few exceptions the front bench is as good, and in several cases better, than its opposite numbers in Government. The party's organisation, its nation-wide network of branches, while not as numerous or efficient as Fianna Fail's is still better than ever before in the history of the party. Its popular vote in 1969 was the highest in thirty years. And it has, as has been mentioned a loyal body of persistent and committed supporters.

And yet in spite of organisational improvement, in spite of impressive personal performances by such as Garret FitzGerald and Pat Cooney, Fine Gael still remains chronically unable to succeed at the polls. In fact, the position is even worse than that, as is clearly evident from last week's *Sunday Independent* survey, when it was seen that, of those sampled, only 19% would like to have seen Fine Gael win a General Election—as against 56% for Fianna Fail. Such a miserable figure for Fine Gael, coming immediately after the numerous chances, indeed unprecedented chances, it has had over the past two years to exploit the self-inflicted failures of Fianna Fail, is the worst possible indicator of this recurring inability of Fine Gael.

The normal relationship between Fianna Fail-Fine Gael first preference votes is in the region of one-and-a-half to one. Thus, in the 1969 General Election Fianna Fail polled 602,000 first preferences to Fine Gael's 450,000. The *Sunday Independent* poll would suggest that the present relationship has widened to three Fianna Fail to each one Fine Gael and, while this may be distorted for various reasons, it looks very, very dangerous for Fine Gael.

In many ways, such a figure is a frightening one, not just for Fine Gael, but for all those who believe that some sort of democratic alternative to Fianna Fail is essential for the survival of at least an even partly healthy democracy.

Why then has Fine Gael failed so often? Is it doomed to permanently fill the second place? Is there a missing "X" factor in Fine Gael's make-up?

It is certainly possible to trace the source of much of Fine Gael's present troubles back to its history. In some respects at least the party has been the victim of circumstances it has never managed to master.

Though Cumann na nGaedheal had a record of solid achievement much of this seemed to be forgotten when that party joined up with the Centre Party and the Blueshirts in 1933 to form Fine Gael. In fact it would seem that Fine Gael inherited much of the unpopularity associated with Cumann na nGaedheal in its latter years (and little of the credit for its more constructive achievements)—such things as the memory of the Civil War executions (the Republicans always had the best ballads and the bitterest memories) and the infamous salary and old-age pension cuts of Ernest Blythe.

But from the long-term point of view the most damaging thing which happened to Cumann na nGaedheal in the 1920's was its identification with the better-off sections in society. It was here that Cumann na nGaedheal acquired its middle-class image which it passed on to Fine Gael—an image which that party has never been able to discard and which prevents it from making any real appeal to the bulk of the working-class vote.

Nor did the founding of Fine Gael help this image. From Cumann na nGaedheal it inherited the conservtive and middle-class image while the presence of the Centre Party ensured it would be identified with the bigger and not the smaller farmers. The third element—O'Duffy's Blueshirts—not only opened the party to the charge of adopting fascist methods but added an explosive potential for internal strife.

Fine Gael in the 1940's seemed doomed to extinction. The party lost seats and votes in election after election and was still obsessed with the old unhappy far-off things of 1922-3. It was obviously an ageing party and was more than ever a predominantly middle-class party, and with less and less hope of ever defeating Fianna Fail. It was the appearance of Clann na Poblachta which made the Inter-Party experiment possible, and which sparked off a real revival in the fortunes of Fine Gael. The party rose from 30 seats to 40 in 1951 and to 50 in 1954.

Even at its best however this revival only brought Fine Gael back to where it was in the early 1930's and in spite of the real progress which has been made in recent years the party has still failed to break out of its traditional middle class mould, and establish itself as a broadly-based "catch-all" party—its only hope of competing effectively with Fianna Fail.

A survey conducted by Gallup for the now defunct *Nusight* prior to the 1969 general election showed up this dilemma of Fine Gael in a startling fashion. According to the results of this survey (which should be seen as a general indicator, rather than as a definitive statement) the socio-economic composition of the support accorded to each of the parties can be seen as follows:

| Total % of population | Class* | % F.F. Vote | % F.G. Vote |
|---|---|---|---|
| 8% | AB | 37% | 37% |
| 23% | C1 | 48% | 26% |
| 14% | C2 | 40% | 21% |
| 33% | DE | 43% | 14% |
| 15% | F1 | 38% | 46% |
| 7% | F2 | 53% | 26% |
| 100% | All | 43% | 25% |

*if footnote at end.

Collapsing these categories the following picture emerges.

| Total % of population | Class | % F.F. support | % F.G. support |
|---|---|---|---|
| 31% | Middle | 45% | 28% |
| 48% | Working | 42% | 16% |
| 21% | Farmers | 42% | 40% |

In other words, Fianna Fail's support is evenly diffused throughout society as a whole, giving it a remarkably broadly-based appeal, which is essential for a party which hopes to be successful under the system of Proportional Representation. The appeal of Fine Gael among lower middle class and working class voters is much less than that of Fianna Fail while among middle-class voters and farmers where Fine Gael's main support lies Fianna Fail is also ahead, though not substantially. It is an interesting indication of the homogeneity of Fianna Fail's support that its hold on the working class vote (though not the younger working class vote) is greater than that of Labour—while Labour is very weak among middle class voters.

| Middle Class voters | Working Class |
|---|---|
| F.F. 45% | F.F. 42% |
| Lab. 14% | Lab. 28% |

It should be added that among working class voters in the age group 21-34 the figures were: F.F., 32%; F.G., 17%; Lab., 37%.

Another major factor working against Fine Gael in its efforts to establish itself in Government is of course the electoral system. Going on past trends and present realities the sort of "swing" needed to make Fine Gael a majority party is simply not possible—certainly not under present circumstances. An alliance of some sort with the Labour Party is essential—something to which Labour is opposed, though this may change. Under the single-seat straight vote system the threat of a massive Fianna Fail victory would have forced Labour and Fine Gael to come together in the interests of survival and such an electoral alliance might well have been the prelude to an alliance in Government. As things stand at present the electoral system ensures the survival of Labour and the continuation of a three-party pattern.

The popular image of Fine Gael as a conservative, middle-class, professions-dominated party may not correspond to the relity of present-day Fine Gael, but it is a powerful factor working against Fine Gael in the areas where it is most vulnerable. It is not easy to see how Fine Gael can change this image or broaden its appeal, but until it does, or enters into some understanding with the Labour Party (and in the present divided state of that party such a prospect is hardly very encouraging) then it is going to continue being denied the chance of office.

**Six occupational categories mentioned in survey.**

**AB—Upper and Middle Class; higher and intermediate managers, administrators and proprietors.**

**C1—Lower-Middle Class; clerical staff and junior managers, administrators and proprietors.**

**C2—Skilled manual workers.**

**DE—Unskilled manual workers, labourers, pensioners, etc.**

**F1—Farmers over 30 acres.**

**F2—Farmers under 30 acres.**

# SPRING BOOKS PART II

. . . Tom McIntyre on Francis Stuart • Tony Cronin on James Clarence Mangan • John Jordan on Politics and Literature
Ford Madox Ford Biography • Killing for Christ • Theatre in Ulster • The Colonel's Greece . . .

## Name Calling

### John Jordan

IN THE SIXTH and final volume of O'Casey's quasi-autobiography (the qualification is not pejorative), *Sunset and Evening Star* (1954), "Sean," the narrator, has a long meditation on the respective merits of Hugh Mac Diarmid and T. S. Eliot. "For the one, whom he had met, as gutly, at times, as the thistle he sang of, he had a strong love; for the other, the elegant rose, whom he had never met, he had a sincere affection; for both, reverence." There is then an interior debate, conducted on purely emotional grounds and, as might be expected, O'Casey's sympathies are almost entirely with Mac Diarmid. But, quite extraordinarily for O'Casey, none of his reductions of Eliot are based on the abstractions of ideology. And he must surely have known that Eliot had appalled his liberal-minded friends by his apparent sympathy with the ideas of Charles Maurras and the *Action Française*, a movement so impregnated with Fascism that it was formally condemned by Pius XI, though, as Robert Speaight has pointed out *(The Property Basket, 1970, p. 92)*, his condemnation was somewhat pointless in view of his own *entente* with Mussolini.

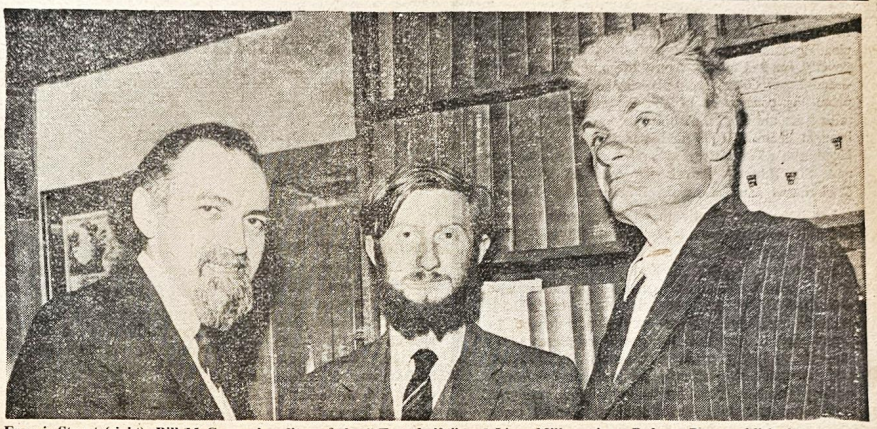
Again, despite the bitter quarrel with Yeats over the rejection of *The Silver Tassie*, O'Casey, in his published writings, so far as I know, never attacked him on the grounds of his Fascist sympathies. (Conor Cruise O'Brien has written dazzlingly and not without sympathy about Yeats's "Fascism" in an essay to be found in *In Excited Reverie*, ed. A. N. Jeffares and K. G. W. Cross, 1965).

I cite the instance of O'Casey *vis-a-vis* Eliot and Yeats only to highlight a perennial and, to my mind, as ideologies ramify, an increasingly complex problem, one which concerns not alone forms of literary and political debate, but also what used to be called in the old Bloomsbury days "personal relationships."

In his postscript to Francis Stuart's recently published *Black List, Section H*, Professor Harry T. Moore has found it necessary to act as counsel for the defence for Mr. Stuart : i.e., he was not pro-Nazi, he was not and is not anti-Semitic. This "defence" is well-intentioned, but with due respect to a reputable scholar, supererogatory, and for an American audience, somewhat tainted with double-think. Professor Moore defends Stuart against charges of being pro-Nazi. He is careful not to mention his *left-wing* associations and sympathies. Indeed, at one point in the novel, H, in the early days of the war, plans to leave Berlin for Moscow.

But I suggest, without shame, that *even* if Mr. Stuart had been "pro-Nazi" *or* "pro-Communist" (there is no evidence that he has ever been remotely anti-Semitic), it is now irrelevant. For to attempt to categorise the creative artist, so complex, so finely-articulated an animal, in terms of the calamitously simplistic notions of ideologies, is to deny the existence of the human spirit. We should know the beast when we see it, and for myself I have never been able to see it in major exponents of our condition. I do not think of O'Casey and Mac Diarmid as "Communists," I do not think of Claudel or Céline as "Fascists." And as for Mr. Stuart, what are we to make of this "Nazi" who lists among his favourite writers the unorthodox monarchist Rozonov (with Jewish proclivities) and the Czech Jew Franz Kafka, and those doomed young Bolshevik poets — so beloved of Yevtushenko—Mayakovsky and Essenin? And it was Mr. Stuart who stood by the graveside of the "Communist" Frank Ryan when he was laid to rest outside Dresden, his body shattered from the years of imprisonment in Franco's jail at Burgos.

I suggest that only qualitatively comparable artists have the right to pass ideological judgments on each other, or moral judgments, for that matter (if there be any difference). Claudel may take on Gide, Mauriac may take on Sartre. Which reminds me that Mauriac and Sartre marched shoulder to shoulder in protest against the Algerian War. And Robert Speaight has recorded that the crypto-Fascist Claudel always spoke of the proto-Fascist Maurras as *ce degoutant Maurras.*



**Francis Stuart (right), Bill McCormack, editor of the "Festschrift," and Liam Miller, whose Dolmen Press publish the volume, price £1.50.**

## FRANCIS STUART: A PERSONAL MEMOIR

### Tom Mac Intyre

**An essay from "A Festschrift for Francis Stuart," published by Dolmen, Reproduced by kind permission.**

FRANCIS STUART, in so many ways an atypical figure in modern Irish writing, is, it seems to me, altogether typical in one respect: he lives, moves, and has his artistic being with his back to the wall; moreover, whenever he feels that condition slipping, he will instantly move to re-create it. His attitude in this regard is one with which I find myself in sympathy—perhaps it is a general twentieth century attitude for the artist; I have no doubt, however, that it is, in a special way, an attitude which relates intimately to the situation in which the artist has frequently found himself in Ireland throughout my experience.

I often think of Stuart in the context of two other writers of his generation—O'Connor and O'Faolain. My belief is that he is a better writer than either—and this without receiving anything comparable to either in terms of recognition. A soft centre in the work of both O'Connor and O'Faolain seems increasingly evident with the passage of time. The two novels on which Stuart's claims to qualify will be judged by most — *Pillar of Cloud* and *Redemption* — stand up excellently to re-reading. What excites me in them is their concern with major themes—totalitarianism in one guise or another, and the concept of renewal through suffering—and what I sense as an unapologetic willingness to confront the demons of his own psyche, and the demons of the times.

There is in the Southern (native) Irish a strong tendency to avoid hurt—either giving hurt to others (which is sometimes necessary) or taking hurt oneself (which is always necessary). I can think of a number of writers—and I include myself—who have wasted a considerable degree of energy in precisely this regard. Stuart—Northern (planter) Irish in background—has shown no such tendency. He is, in a way, the hunter of hurt. Some would probably argue that his leanings in the matter amount to an obsession. If this be true—and I am not sure that it is—then the obsession has been valuable, has paid rich dividends.

He has not, by and large, concerned himself with prose style—here he is at odds with the Irish tradition. He is content with a clean easy fluency — from which the tired phrase is not always excluded. This lack of ambition in the area of expression I would ordinarily find off-putting. In the best of Stuart's work the surround more than compensates, the tremendous undertow of feeling freshens everything it touches. This is perhaps saying that he has great wisdom but little or no ear. The imbalance is one many of us might settle for.

My knowledge of him leads me to the notion that he sees the basis and the centre of human love in terms of this simple—and awesome—proposition: *You need me more than I need you. I am ready.*

He went out of Ireland, and into Europe—there's a lesson there. In Europe of the 'thirties, he watched the saviour-figure of Hitler take over the collective unconscious of a people. I have never had the slightest sense that he was infected by what was going on. I think he watched the inevitable rhythms with a clear understanding of where they must lead. Of course, Stuart *would* be in Germany as the music shrieked towards the apocalyptic. "The blond beast is stirring", Jung wrote—up to twenty years before the war commenced, "something is going to happen, and that something will happen in Germany." I have felt more than once this same quality of prescience in Stuart. Where the "something is going to happen" is where you will find him, and he will not be among the latecomers. He is in Ireland now.

He could not have been a poet—his lack of a natural ear ruled that out. He has, though, the perception of a poet, and this extends to his critical faculty—particularly when that faculty is being applied to poetry: on Kavanagh or Berryman, for example, it is an experience to watch him move into the material with the assurance of a guide used to the work and taking pride in it.

Peadar O'Donnell tells the story of going into a gambling hall in Deauville (as I recall) and discovering one man—just one—engaged in desperate battle with the smooth and clicking gods who rule those tables: the man was Liam O'Flaherty, and the vignette is pure O'Flaherty. I would speak of Stuart at the Curragh on a fine May afternoon, his glasses up as the field begins to thin out, and about him two complementary presences: the student—eyes keen on the developing tumult; and the intuitive shadow—constantly alert for the single drop of sweat on the air or the single stir of a petal which—infallibly—indicates the way.

# Books For Sale

## A Special Correspondent

"WE HAD A GREAT feed of wine at the Inns the other night," said one of the student characters in *At Swim-two-birds*, but the callow youths who today are chomping their medieval way to wig and gown may find that the cellar is not what it used to be. The pleading side of the legal profession, in its grinding poverty, has had to raise money to improve the feeding —and Lewis Carroll's old Father William is there to prove the congruence of chewing and pleading—by selling its old books. A three-day sale in Sotheby's brought them £60,000 and the lots sold included Henderson's *The history of ancient and modern wines* and Sir Edward Barry's *Observations Historical Critical and Medical on the Wines of the Ancients.*

Let it be said bluntly that the benchers behaved shabbily, from the mean lobbyist who slyly had a permitting clause inserted in the Copyright Act of 1963 (King's Inns was a copyright library in the last century) to the parochially-minded current committee who agreed to withhold from auction some books "of Irish interest." "Irish interest" can be variously defined. In a collection of books on the North-west Passage, for example, is it not pointless to retain McClure and McClintock items, as concerning Irishmen, while dispersing Beechey, Franklin and the rest, essential material to any study of the subject in which those others, the Irishmen, were involved?

When the 1963 Act with its permission to the benchers to sell was being put through the Dail, Mr. Lynch, then Minister for Industry and Commerce, informed the House that the funds accruing would be used for the maintenance of the library. Not a word was said about kitchens.

Friends of Ireland lobbied diligently in Westminster to ensure that British copyright law require British publishers to continue to deposit their publications in the library of Trinity College Dublin. No doubt British publishers will have noted how we treat our copyright deposit and will make it all the harder to keep up Trinity's important inflow of British books.

The media of course must share the blame for the naive response of An Taisce, mesmerised by the name of a London sale-room. Irish book-dealers have long been making a good thing out of selling books to foreign purchasers, though in fairness it must be said that they are generous in giving Irish institutions first options. To suggest, as An Taisce apparently did, that the Act which controls the export of documents and pictures should be extended to cover printed books is quite ridiculous. Printed books exist by definition in multiple copies. If one owner is prevented from selling a book, to ensure it stays in the country, can a competitor the following week sell another copy of the same work quite freely?

The National Library has been so starved of funds over the years that the few hundred pounds it offered to assist in buying back a tiny proportion of the King's Inns collection is a true measure of its ability to support general rather than purely Irish scholarship. The National Library was prepared to ask the Government for £8,000 to enable it to buy the Book of Magauran, one of the last medieval Irish manuscripts remaining in private hands. This is a better use for public funds than any attempt to salvage fragments from the ruins of a national collection demolished by the Benchers, but it must not make the Government think they have done this year's good deed for books.

For ten years the National Library has processed none, but none, of the vast intake it receives by gift of publications of the Government of the United States; its unopened boxes certainly contain the best documentation in the country on, for example, space exploration. If some American government representative visits the National Library and sees the mounds of boxes containing his Government's gift encumbering the library's front hall, he may well decide, as British publishers will, that Ireland just isn't interested in anything beyond the parish pump.

# JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN—A Reconsideration

## Anthony Cronin

James Clarence Mangan, 1803-1849

SOME TWENTY YEARS or so after James Clarence Mangan's death, the young Arthur Rimbaud, who, of course, had never heard of him, invented the notion of the poet as *maudit*, "accursed." Suffering was an essential part of his role, and it was actually necessary for the poet to deliberately become *"le grand malade, le grand criminel, le grand maudit."* Part of the concept, subsequently developed by Verlaine, and adopted, consciously or otherwise, by many poets (the otherwise often leading to strange results) was that of the poet as scapegoat, who, by sin and circumstance, getting himself into trouble and generally bashed around, atoned in some way for the sins and hypocrisies of society. It was primarily related to the obvious hypocrisies of bourgeois society, which was felt by both parties to the contract to be deeply in need of such an animal as a scapegoat. One says both parties for, of course, society gleefully, if inchoately, adopted the idea.

Thus, every country has its sacrificial poets. France has Baudelaire, Verlaine and Rimbaud himself. America got off to a good start with Edgar Allan Poe and kept it up with Hart Crane and others. If the major English poets of the nineteenth century were far too disposed towards comfort to accept the role of scapegoat, in the nineties a whole generation, including Ernest Dowson, Loinel Johnson and Oscar Wilde cheerfully rushed in to supply a long-felt want. (Yeats's references to Dowson and Johnson suggest some guilt on his part about holding back.) The public rejoicings on both sides of the Atlantic which greeted the final self-destruction of even such a poet as Dylan Thomas demonstrated the strength of the feeling of need. Aspects of Dylan's own psychology amply demonstrated that he wanted the role.

And Ireland? Well, Ireland has James Clarence Mangan; and, though the poet himself frequently waved aside the proferred purple, Patrick Kavanagh. The late Brendan Behan somewhat incongrously tried to get in on this act too. The role as such is not in fact a dishonqurable one, and the idea has much to commend it. It was invented by a considerable fellow and poets understand it. Of course, suffering is not enough. As has often been made clear, anybody who has money enough to go out and collect a hangover, or get himself muddled up sexually, can do the suffering. Still, there is some sort of necessity in the thing, a religious necessity felt by the poets, whatever about society's motives. They are, I suppose one could demonstrate, a perfect perversion of certain religious feelings. And the idea of poet as *maudit* is also a modern one, related to the industrial revolution, materialism, progress and, of course, to the loss by the poet of his true, or at least his old, role. To make the claim for Mangan that he partially at least knew what it was all about, is to suggest that he was a modern poet.

He has, of course, been ill served by the anthologists, all of them content to take in each other's washing. The representation of Mangan in Irish anthologies would seem extraordinarily repetitive, except that everything in Irish anthologies seems so. "My Dark Rosaleen," whatever else one thinks of it, is not a modern poem: that is to say it does not relate to any experience realised by anybody walking the streets today. A product of two romanticisms, the literary one and the nationalist one, it is a fair old performance of a kind, but anybody who thinks of Ireland as a maiden, "a saint of saints," making "sweet and sad complaints," whose "holy delicate white hands" will "girdle him with steel" wants to have the general mechanism of his sensibility examined.

Nor is Mangan well served by his own prolixity and general indeterminacy of purpose and style. Yeats pointed out quite properly that the establishment of a style, even though it might vary at periods of the poet's life, was half the battle. He also remarked rather sadly on the fact that it is possible to bring to birth in verse only a very small amount of one's personality. Mangan seems most of the time not to be making any attempt to bring the whole man in. Part of the trouble here is that he was in fact early in the game with a specifically modern notion: that of operating behind masks and personae. All those fake or partial translations, the pretence that poems were from the Ottoman, the Turkish, the Persian, the Arabic, the German, the Irish even (of which he knew very little) may be seen as a rudimentary attempt to use the mask in what is really quite a modern way: the way it is used in "Homage to Sextus Propertius," etc.

At least once he used it superbly. "Twenty Golden Years Ago," attributed to the non-existent Selber, in other words the self, is an astonishingly modern poem and it establishes Mangan at once as a contemporary whose pain and remorse we can understand. The circumstances are not his, but they the real. The imagery is urban; there are no stock properties, no grots, vales or bowers, and nothing, from the coffee in the cup onwards, is too mundane to be worthy of inclusion. The tone is kept low deliberately; the self-mockery is unindulgent and bitterly ironic, in fact we might almost be in the country of Laforgue, Corbiere and the Eliot of "Prufrock"; there is no romantic agony, but there is a real agony all the same; and it jumps out of the pages that surround it in poor Mangan's works.

He wrote really a great many more good poems than the anthologists seem to be aware of, but only once did he equal this. "The Nameless One" seems to me to be the only occasion on which he drops the masks entirely, including the romantic masks, Byronic and otherwse, that the poor fellow, in his general weakness of poetic will, perhaps did not know he was adopting. It might be thought to begin badly with the rhetorical apostrophe to the song to "roll forth . . . Like a rushing river," etcetera, but the rhythm, even if it is only a slight variation on stock rhythms, is altogether Mangan's own. Here is the personal rhythm that is the sure mark of the genuine article. The tone is rhetorical, but it is extraordinary how mundane circumstance prevails at the same time. He admits to the drink, "gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns"; he tells us his age and condition, "old and hoary at thirty-nine; and he tells us what his life is like: "want and sickness and houseless nights." There is nothing rarer in poetry than a successful cry from the whole encircumstanced heart. This is one.

These two poems seem to me to be not only the first two modern poems written in Ireland in the English language, but among the first in that language anywhere. For once Mangan gets his real agony on paper and it is a modern agony. It is extraordinary that they should have been written in the eighteen forties. Between the drink and the opium and a hideous romantic love of despair, poor Mangan brought a lot on himself, and he rarely succeeded in bringing that self to poetic birth. The suffering in "The Nameless One" has a terrible intensity. He was, if the concept has any truth in it, *maudit* all right.

*Spring Books*

# WOMEN'S LIT

John MacInerny

**THE QUIET END OF EVENING. By Honor Tracy. Eyre Methuen. £1.95.**
**THE HALT DURING THE CHASE. By Rosemary Tonks. Bodley Head. £1.80.**
**IVY COMPTON-BURNETT: A Memoir. By Cicely Greig. Garnstone Press. £2.25.**

THE EGREGIOUS Auberon Waugh has propounded a theory to explain why fiction is the one literary field ploughed equally by women and men. Writing being essentially an activity proper to the leisured classes, what more natural, he reasons, than that the housewife should write novels while she awaits the return of hubby from the office?

I suppose he means that the telephone has removed the occasion for those long gossipy letters to genteel relatives, and so the industrious females, since they will be writing, assemble the *disjecta membra* of rumours and events, memories and confidences, embroider them tastefully and despatch them to publishers. These kind gentlemen, inundated with the *stuff, release a steady quota to the public. Of these spouses and spinsters it cannot be said* that they toil not, neither do they spin. Mass-production provides them with adequate and inexpensive woolly or cottony raiments: Solomon in all his glory was not attired like unto one of these, and so, where once the parlour resounded with the unremitting clack clack of needles plying, now the bedsits and drawing-rooms vibrate with the tireless clack-clack of typewriters busily knitting fictions.

It is all rather overwhelming. Mr. Waugh tells us that (to switch the metaphor) the recipe is a loaf of social realism confected with the required leavening of sexual fantasy. If that is the case, a ration of pretty unleavened bread is set before me today. Rather indigestible, too. A reviewer would want to have the digestive habits of a cow: gulp first, masticate later. Or perhaps (to switch back) it's just a matter of plain and purl. The needled reviewer can only knit his brow, and get on with it.

Honor Tracy, widely held to be a splendidly comic writer, "must be one of the funniest women breathing," according to Isabel Quigley's reference. Her latest novel will hardly be supposed, by anyone living in the real world, to sustain this reputation. She treats us to an outing on Inishnamona, a peninsula on the western seaboard (allegedly of this country) converted to insular status by the explosive antics of its quixotic inhabitants. Pending the construction of a bridge, which naturally enough the villainous Government in far-away Dublin will neither sanction nor subsidise, "this dreamy place where facts are a curiosity" is rendered difficult of access to tourists, who cease to patronise the island, but not, alas, to Miss Tracy, who is nothing if not patronising. Modesty forbids her to say so, but quite obviously she *walked across the water to get there, and refused to get* bogged down.

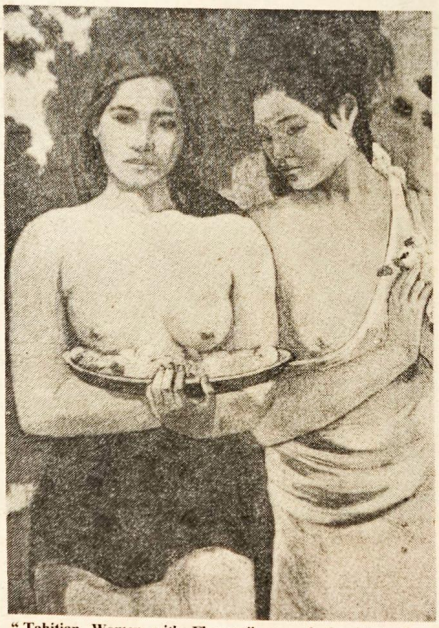
Her souvenir (for, of course, she didn't stay very long) is an appalling farrago of stage-Oirishry—natives cunning and shiftless, gentry variously eccentric, English military madmen (rtd.), the whole incredible cardboard portmanteau — that whizzes us along with invincible high spirits and unrelieved heartiness. *The Quiet End of Evening* is twilight with a vengeance. (One can imagine the kind of leadership it will enjoy.) We are reminded that this is 1972 when at a committee meeting "the Christian Brother was all for tarring and feathering" a retired British Army colonel alleged to have insulted St. Patrick. Perhaps this is Miss Tracy's homely way of referring to the "theologians of violence." Sorry, yer Honor, but honestly, it's not funny.

Rosemary Tonks didn't make me break into mirth either, but at least she wasn't trying to. Her characters inhabit an island called Hampstead, and Sophie the narratrix (only a heroine-addict could call her anything else) does at least cross water, fleeing her lover's and her mother's possessive clutches, in chase of herself, after matters come to a crisis with Philip in a hotel bedroom. The problem isn't sexual, but spiritual: he talks of their liaison as a speculative partnership whose duration depends on the emotional currency remaining stable. This is the coarse idiom of commerce, and Sophie rears in dismay from the suffocating prospect. It all goes to show the unwisdom of post-coital bedchat. As Miss Tonks herself says, "everyone knows that after making love . . . a hot drink is *essential*."

Her constant lover pursues her to France, but "the real chase is inward" and she learns by slowing where she has to go. When she was with Philip "we could not stop": it's a roundabout way of getting off the swings. The intrusion of Philip's "unbearably ordinary world" might have made the novel a lot more interesting. But not a chance of that; which is a pity, because Miss Tonks (who's good at verse, too) writes prose like an angel, albeit on this occasion a somewhat fallen one.

Cicely Greig, who is almost as ingenious as she pretends, has written an affectionate and very personal memoir of the late Ivy Compton-Burnett, whose novels you either loathe or lap up. (I do the latter.) Her individuality and brilliance are ungainsayable, her importance a disputed question. Miss Greig says wisely: "One must accept whatever a classic writer sees as possible"; and accurately: "family life was Ivy's book; she knew it by heart." In *A Heritage and its History*, Hamish says: "Words are all we have. It is no good to find fault with them." An Ivyish dictum, salutary to recall in an age when the impotence of language is continually bemoaned. Miss Greig's reminiscences are for addicts only.

Neither plain Miss Tracy nor purl Miss Tonks are in the Ivy League. Purl, says Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, also means "beer or ale warmed and spiced." Give me the cool astringent Compton-Burnett wine any day.



**"Tahitian Women with Flowers," one of the illustrations from "Gaugin's Paradise Lost," by Wayne Andersen, to be published at the end of this month by Secker and Warburg, at £3.50.**

# Comic Cuts

Hayden Murphy

**A MAN ALONE. Anthony Grey. Michael Joseph. £1.50.**

**COLD GRADATIONS. Stanley Middleton. Hutchinson. £1.95.**

AND AS THE BRAIN germ said to the foot germ "you have got to get ahead." Such was the frivolous, facetious notion flitting through the mind as I finished these two novels. But, it is not an entirely unrelated association for Anthony Grey in his fascinating collection of short parables tells blood-rollicking tales of the conflict between the nervous system and the corpulant corpuscles that will immediately be recognisable to readers of either "Wham" or "Smash". This is a valid comparative level of critical analysis for with Stanley Middleton bashing away, beautifully and sentimentally at old age.

Several years ago, to squeaks of rage from the press and embarrassed silence from the diplomats, Anthony Grey was imprisoned in China. On being released he wrote a sensitive account of his time there with the unfortunate title "Hostage in Peking". His second book "A Man Alone" is a collection of impressionistic parables which could do with some stringent editing. Some are merely pretentious and facile experimentation thrown in for the sake of variety rather than verite. However, there is sufficient good writing and creative spirit apparent for one to look forward to his next book. Not a book from Anthony Grey, ex-prisoner, but A. Grey, writer.

Stanley Middleton's twelfth novel, "Gold Gradations" is bland. Well written but dull. It traps old age into a prolonged paragraph showing the mind of his pivotal character, James Mansfield, to be active, aware and still alive in those familiar haunts of the common-stock, those sentimental adjuncts to the English novelist of the '50s and '60s: the Midlands. Sillitoe, Middleton etc. have now produced a considerable amount of geographical prose, it is as flat and blunt as a Lincolnshire landscape . . . . and as boring.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— and we too revolve, revolt still against our revolutions, as Blake did, struggling to regain innocence, like Blake, and are called seditious or romantic. Like Blake (though otherwise most unlike), **John Dee** was both a villain and a hero, though within the main stream of a less divided age, a man with powers and magic and with the largest, most catholic library of his day, which was itself then something to conjure with. But it was a gentler man than Dee, **A Publisher** (John Taylor), who for just one decade so influenced the relationship between new writers and a conservative public that his patronage of Keats, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Lamb must be accounted a force in the emergence of English romanticism into respectability. **The Forsaken Lover,** or rather a little West Indian girl's poem with the same title, symbolizes another emergence, of which the British educational establishment in former slave territories must take account. For traditional English-language culture arouses but faint response in the culturally mixed people — of Tobago, for instance. 'White words' may be more an obstacle than an opportunity for young black people down there. We aren't preaching, we're just publishing books; but, we can't help it, this one has a thesis. Sticking to business, which means exercising the right to change the subject, we suggest that a Czech book on chess is so obviously good luck that many enthusiasts will rejoice to see this guide to **Modern Chess Tactics** now in paperback.

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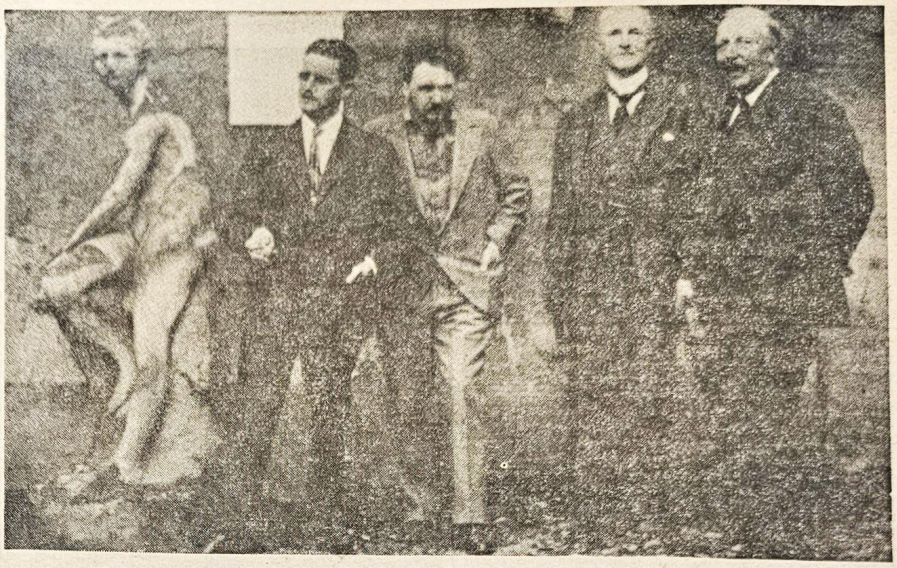

James Joyce, Ezra Pound, John Quinn and Ford; Paris, 1923.

# Man Of Letters

## Patrick O'Connor

**THE SADDEST STORY: A Biography of Ford Madox Ford. Arthur Mizener. Bodley Head. £5.00.**

DURING THE 1920s the arts were enjoying a renaissance, new vistas were opening up in literature, painting and music. The air seemed charged with new, dynamic ideas. And Paris was the centre of this ferment. In Paris you would have found Joyce, Gide and Rilke, Picasso, Brancusi, Braque and Matisse; Satie and Stravinsky. There too you would have come across Ford Madox Ford, one of the most remarkable, and most neglected, literary figures of the era, not only a distinguished man of letters in his own right but also a seminal influence, a fertiliser of other men's talent.

Ford was prodigiously industrious, and in the fifty years between his first and last published work he had written seventy-seven books, collaborated on four others, and made sizeable contribution to various magazines. He also acquired a kind of vicarious immortality in the works of other writers. Early in his own career he discovered Joseph Conrad, collaborated with him, guided him and was responsible for certain passages in Conrad's best work. He was a friend of Henry James, who used Ford as a model for Merton Densher in "The Wings of the Dove." During 1910 he edited what is considered the best literary magazine of the age, The Literary Review, in which he published the early work of D. H. Lawrence, Norman Douglas, Wyndham Lewis. After the war, in which he served for three years and was both gassed and wounded, Ford settled in Paris. He was then about fifty years old, a large dignified man with the appearance of a friendly walrus. In Paris he was a close friend of Joyce and Gertrude Stein, and a fellow-conspirator with Ezra Pound.

It was Pound who persuaded him to publish and edit The Transatlantic Review, in which first appeared Joyce's "Work in Progress," and the early work of E. E. Cummings, Glenway Westcott, and Hemingway, who was the sub-editor. Even when Hemingway repaid Ford's patronage by painting a most uncomplimentary portrait of him in "The Sun Also Rises," Ford bore no grudge and continued beating the drum for Hemingway. In the late 1920s Ford went to live in America, where he spent his later days struggling with illness and poverty, teaching in a small college in Michigan. Robie Macauley gives this description of Ford at that time: "The year before he died Ford Madox Ford used to walk around the campus at Olivet College like a pensioned veteran of forgotten wars. We took him for a kind of vast, benevolent and harmless Uncle Toby, leaning on his stick in class or sitting in his dark little basement office, and wheezing out his stories of Henry James as Toby might have spoken of Marlborough." There, till his death in 1939, Ford was the centre of a small select group of writers who genuinely admired and respected him, Allen Tate, Katherine Anne Porter and Robert Lowell, but otherwise unknown and ignored by the world of literature, a neglect expressed with cruel irony in the final line of Robert Lowell's tribute, "You were a kind man and you died in want."

There was a silly side to Ford that picked futile quarrels with publishers and with friends. That marvelous intelligence was too frequently expended on conversation, on too many mediocre books, on ephemeral magazine pieces. He was forced to over-write for money so that his finest work is buried in a 'mess' of potboilers. He had also a strange kind of vulnerability, a capacity for drawing cruelty and spite towards himself. But behind all the faults there was a man of high integrity towards his vocation, the central element of his life, a man with a sense of ethical responsibility to all talent, including his own, a man of letters who hoped that the whole body of his work would contribute to the great literary tradition which nourished him and which he tried to transmit to the next generation.

Ford remained the forgotten man of the twentieth century until the 1950s when he was rescued from obscurity and was granted the recognition denied him in his lifetime. His major novels were republished, particularly in the United States where they were seized on as literary events by critics and scholars. During the 40s I recall that Penguin published paperback editions of "The Good Soldier" (which has been called "the best French novel in the English language") and the Tietjens tetralogy, "Some Do Not . . .", "No More Parades", "A Man Could Stand Up" and "The Last Post," (which have also been republished as an omnibus volume titled "Parade's End") which were to be found slowly disintegrating on the book barrows here in Dublin, and I remember buying the five books for a total outlay of three shillings. This is what Graham Greene said about them. "There is no novelist of this century more likely to live than Ford Madox Ford. He taught the technique that Conrad became famous in practising and readers of "The Good Soldiers" will be aware of how much better he managed this technique than his pupil. "The Good Soldier" and the Tietjens series seem to me almost the only adult novels dealing with the sexual life that have been written in English. They are almost our only reply to Flaubert."

Now comes a major biography by Arthur Mizener, *The Saddest Story*, which was Ford's original title for "The Good Soldier." This is a comprehensive biography that does not aim at definitive critical assessment or at placing Ford in the context of the modern movement. In fact, apart from where the novels impinge on the life, Mr. Mizener relegates the novels to some sixty pages of summary in an appendix. In his case the executors allowed his access to vital material, so much so that it took the author nearly six years to screen and evaluate the conglomeration. This new material tends to document the silly and abrasive side of Ford (much of it supplied by his various women friends) and his perpetual struggle to raise money. Most of his love affairs ended in chaos or public notoriety, as for example his liaison with the syphilitic Violet Hunt who was much older than Ford and who once tried to seduce Henry James! These escapades caused his family to break up, and many years afterwards when a researcher approached his younger daughter, now a nun in a convent, about her father, she replied, with admirable Christian charity, that as far as she was concerned her father was dead since 1924.

Mr. Mizener has managed to set all this factual material into a reasonably smooth and entertaining narrative, and in the title he has chosen. It was a very sad life and a very sad story, what with Ford's disappointed hopes, his amatory misadventures, his financial crises, his failing health and nervous breakdown (of which his friend Conrad wrote in a most mean-minded fashion), his failure to gain from his literary peers that recognition which he knew he well deserved. Ford was, indeed, what Ezra Pound once called him, "a fascinating and, at moments, almost incredible human 'problem.'"

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# Of Admirals Ardent And Intellectuals Impotent

Gerard Lyne

**NELSON THE COMMANDER. Geoffrey Bennett. Batsford. £3.90.**

**THE SCOURGE OF THE EAGLE: Napoleon and the Liberal Opposition. Translated and edited by Michael Ross. Sidgwick and Jackson. £3.50.**

GEOFFREY BENNETT'S study of Nelson the naval commander not only makes a handsome volume, lavishly and beautifully illustrated, but is a work of fine scholarship into the bargain. In the course of his lucid and absorbing narrative, the author appraises Nelson through critical and unsentimental eyes. From his masterly assessment of the evidence, Nelson emerges as a complex human personality not without serious failings both in his public and private character. The work also provides, in a chapter specially set aside for the purpose, a mine of valuable general background information on the navy of Nelson's day which makes fascinating reading.

Horatio, the author tells us, was motivated mainly by insatiable ambition. His greatness lay in a combination of imaginative insight into naval tactics and strategy and an unflinching determination, in the face of all opposition, to implement his decisions once taken. He saw that all sound naval strategy must aim not merely at the defeat of the enemy but at his annihilation. These were the qualities which enabled him (as at Cape St. Vincent in 1797 and Copenhagen in 1801 to dispense with the restrictions imposed by the *Fighting Instructions*, and, flying in the face of his commanders, snatch total victory from probable defeat. ("I made use of my understanding," he once said, "and by it I ought to stand or fall.") Not only did he possess insight and imagination but outstanding administrative ability as well—a rare combination, exemplified also in Napoleon Bonaparte, the great contemporary whose downfall Nelson did so much to encompass.

Like Napoleon, Nelson was of slight stature and at first sight gave an impression of insignificance. He possessed, however, a persgonality of such force that he could maintain discipline among his cut-throat crews with only rare recourse to the lash, and he seems to have been immune to physical suffering. (He gave orders as usual within half an hour of his arm being amputated at Santa Cruz in 1797.)

Nevertheless, he was a highly emotional man. The author shows clearly how closely his public performance depended on the vicissitudes of his private life. His well-known entanglement from 1798 until his death with the notorious Emma Hamilton is generally agreed to have constituted a serious blot upon his private character. What is less fully recognised is that for a time it also impinged disastrously upon his performance as a naval commander. During the period of his "silken dalliance" from 1798 to 1801 with the Hamiltons at the Court of Naples, Nelson not only failed badly in his duty as second-in-command of the Mediterranean fleet but was guilty of some shameful outrages (such as, for example, the judicial murder of the Republican commander Caracciolo in 1799). It was only after his passion for Emma had cooled that he finally went on to win at Trafalgar the immortality which he so much craved and which, despite all his shortcomings, he surely deserves.

The mass of material both primary and secondary having a bearing on the career of Nelson's great contemporary, Napoleon Bonaparte, would probably suffice to scuttle the *Victory* herself were it laid aboard her. The latest addition to the pile purports to be a study of the French liberal opposition to Bonaparte's regime. The publishers boldly assert this to be a "well-documented book, based scrupulously on original sources." It is a pity that the authors do not support this claim by providing a bibliography, or, indeed, any but the scantiest footnotes. Their omission inclines one to approach their work with perhaps undue caution.

The work is really a study of that *parti philosophique* (including such personalities as Germaine de Stael, Condorcet, Benjamin Constant, Daunou, Volney, Cabanis and others) which Vaudal dismisses as the "dogmatic, literary and philosophising element of the Revolution." If the present work seeks to establish for them any deeper significance, it does not succeed. Rather, it serves only to re-emphasise the extraordinary degree of support which Napoleon for much of his career enjoyed among all sections of French society. The *philosophes* themselves supported the coup d'état of 18 *Brumaire* which brought Napoleon to power, while one of their number, Daunou, was author of that clause in "the new constitution" which invested the First Consul with supreme powers. (Daunou did, however, secure that Napoleon should be compelled to seek re-election after ten years.)

**Fanny (Lady Nelson)**

**Emma (Lady Hamilton) as depicted by Romney**

The authors trace the steps (known to most schoolboys) by which Napoleon gradually consolidated his powers, e.g. the rapid abolition of all but the pretence of popular representation, the centralisation of government under the Code Napoleon, the censorship of press and theatre, the Concordat with the Papacy, the liquidation of political opponents and, as a culmination, the declaration of the Empire in 1804. Against all this, the liberal opposition, as represented by the intellectuals in question, could muster only ineffectual resistance—France was determined to jettison the democratic ideals of the Revolution in favour of the stability (craved by such groups as the newly-created peasant proprietorship) and a military glory which seemed to the masses to outshine the old ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity. Both of these Napoleon quickly proved he could supply.

Like those "good Germans" who seek to dismiss Hitler as unrepresentative of their countrymen, the authors seem almost to wish Nopoleon out of existence. If they prove anything, however, it is simply that the stature of the "Little Corporal" was such as to dwarf all Frenchmen who came within its shadow—intellectuals and men of action alike.

## NEW NOVELS
John Broderick

IT IS NOT generally realised that there is little that a reviewer can do with a good book. If it is difficult he can do his best to explain it. If it is straightforward the most he can do is make an attempt to share his enthusiasm with the reading public. This is particularly true of those books which are not written to catch the mood of the moment. In literary circles there is a change of mode every couple of seasons or so, as ephemeral as the hem-line of the Paris fashion houses. Books which were praised by a witty but superficial critic like Kenneth Tynan ten or fifteen years ago are apt to appear pretty dowdy today.

Really good books, written by genuinely creative artists, have a curious secret life of their own, and in the end defy criticism, whether it be praise or blame. Publishers know this, and will tell you that no book has ever sold on good reviews alone. All the millions of words lavished on the works of Joyce and Proust, to take two famous examples, have not added one inch of stature to their novels and stories. They have made their own way; and the same may be said of many lesser writers.

It seems to me that the critics true function is to hold the line against incursions from pretentious charlatans. To do this he must have a firm grasp of classical structure, and must be prepared to be regarded as something of a reactionary. After all if he makes a mistake over some new and original writer time will rectify it; but he cannot afford to compromise on essentials. A good book must be well written; it must make some sort of sense; and it must communicate a feeling for life under the surface of things. The easiest way to illustrate this is to search for some analogy between a new work and some of the Greek myths, which have plumbed every possible depth of human behaviour by means of parables. This is more than ever true of today, as Hermann Broch realised in 1945 when he wrote that mythical stories and novels come into being at periods of dislocation, like the present time, which call for a new coherence.

On the face of it the stories of William Trevor would seem to have little in common with Greek mythology. They are all small human tragedies, mostly suburban and provincial, and they come to us in a form which is now more than fifty years old Mr. Trevor's tales are in the tradition of the Chekhov translations and Katherine Mansfield, which is to say that they are open-ended, and many of them finish with a question mark rather than a full stop. He is in no way an experimental writer; yet underneath the modern moods and morals which he portrays so deftly and with such a subtle command of nuance, there lurks the age-old shadow of Nemesis. All of his characters, largely unknown to themselves, are heading straight for a fate which is partly of their own making, and partly outside themselves. Nemesis in some form or another finally catches up with them, and in those stories which are completely open-ended we are given to understand that it most certainly will sooner or later.

The first story, "Access to the Children," which is a small masterpiece of technique and suggestion, is particularly revealing. It records in a series of small, hardly noticeable strokes, the complete disintegration of a man as a result of his own very human weakness. It is one of the best short stories I have read for a very long time, beginning with an air of jaunty hopefulness as Malcolmson, separated from his wife as a result of an affaire with another woman, goes to collect his two small daughters for the Sunday outing allowed him by law. Only at the very end do we realise that he has gone completely to seed.

In two other stories, "Nice Day at School" and "Kinkies," Eleanor is condemned to a life of virginal loneliness, partly as a result of her own temperament and partly as a creature of circumstance. Here we are very aware of Achilles' words to Priam in the Iliad. Poor Eleanor receives the jar of evil only, as does Mrs. Farrel in "A Happy Family," Miss Fanshawe in "Going Home" and Anna Mackintosh in "The Mark-2 Wife." While retribution, swift and awful, falls upon a whole house, a boarding school, in the final story. This author has a hot line in boarding schools and slightly dotty wives, which is not surprising, since the latter are often a by-product of the former.

His Irish stories are marvellous. They are sad, funny, penetrating and full of that oblique savagery which lies so close to the surface of life in this country. The title story lays bare with the most delicate of scalpels the awful hopelessness and fatalism of modern Irish rural life. And "An Evening with John Joe Dempsey," one of the best stories to come out of Ireland in recent times, leads use, lie by imperceptible lie, through a morass of hypocrisy and obscene suggestion on the part of young John Joe to that theme which John McGahern treated with such crude force and lack of subtlety in "The Dark." The fact that Mr. Trevor never mentions the word at all gives to the ending of the tale an overwhelming power and inevitability.

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**THE BALLROOM OF ROMANCE. By William Trevor. The Bodley Head. £2.25.**


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COLLINS

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# Streams of Destruction

## Leland Bardwell

**TOWARDS WOMEN IN LOVE: The Emergence of a Lawrentian Aesthetic. By Stephen J. Mike. Yale University Press. £4.75.**

JUST AFTER completing *The Lost Girl*, D. H. Lawrence wrote to Lady Asquith: That bee in my bonnet, which you mention, and which I presume means sex, buzzes not over loud. *Women in Love* was in the hands of Secker who was in a funk about the censor. Re-reading Lawrence after a number of years is rather like trying to remove the sugar from honey, a sticky busines though one has to admit the whole is nourishing. As George Moore said of Alice Barton, the heroine of his *A Drama in Muslin*: Higher than Alice no woman could go; any higher advance must be attended by unwillingness to accept the double duties of life; this was in a pamphlet called In Defensio pro Scriptis meo; whereas 20 years later he simply summed her up as a "puritan but not a sexless puritan." This could be an example of Lawrence v. posterity's summing up of many of his women: his deification of them as against their deification of sex to the extent that the characterisation becomes a jumble of purple emotiveness out of which the sexual element becomes like that of Pound's Bastitides, who talked and wrote of nothing save copulation

has lately become the father of twins

but he accomplished this feat at some cost.

So here is once more a scholarly attempt to re-assess Lawrence, the most uneven writer of the century. The fact that *Sons and Lovers* is "on the course" and not *Women in Love* is surprising. This latter is the one novel in which Lawrence attempts to verbalise most forcibly or define his struggle for consciousness; where he attempts to render more spiritual and more complex the characters of the women than those of any of his previous heroines. With Mr. Miko's "interest in relating a developing mind to a developing art" he analyses Lawrence's own battle with the dual elements of mere experience and absolute transcendence — the metaphysical — mental — sensual explosion in each individual's character's conscious mind as he related to the world at large but especially to other people; his search for a meaningful area of movement between character types and transcendent formulas.

It would seem, however, that Lawrence's complicated verbalisation of emotional reactions leads to oversimplification in the end. Take Birken, for example, who, as Mr. Miko points out, is the intellectual preaching anti-intellectualism:

There remained this way, this awful African process, to be fulfilled. It would be done differently by the white race. The white races, having the Arctic North behind them, the vast abstraction of ice and snow, would fulfil a mystery of ice-destructive knowledge, snow-abstract annihilation. Whereas the West Africans, controlled by the burning death-abstraction of the Sahara, had been fulfilled in sun-destruction, the putrescent mystery of sun-rays.

Mr. Miko says this is Birkin's only explicit identification of the streams of destruction. It leads him not only to his discovery of freedom but to reflections on Gerald. One could say, however, that here once again Lawrence overemphasises the destructive elements of extremes which oversimplifies Gerald's physical ascendancy. This character Birkin, one feels, is very much like Lawrence's own with his search for the right physical elements in his rush from continent to continent, his crushing desire to prove that sensuality and the power of nature, through the metaphysical can defeat the mental which he never proved, least of all to himself; he never threw off successfully his romantic Victorian heritage, as his predecessors and contemporaries, who, influenced by the French school of realism, succeeded far better in doing than he did.

Mr. Miko, although all the time building up to *Women in Love* makes extensive analyses of some of his other novels, including *Sons and Lovers* and his *Study of Thomas Hardy*. This is one of the easiest parts of the analysis because he can get away from Lawrence's fictional prose. He points out that the more Lawrence thinks of consciousness as mental, the more he tends to describe it as epiphenomenal; with Lawrence's all important principle of balance which is always qualified by the idea of struggle, a struggle which grows to such heights, he feels it necessary to introduce "consummation" as the idea of balance. This, Mr. Miko says, leads to a way of thinking dangerously Manichean.

**Désirée Clary, who nearly became Madame Bonaparte; one of the illustrations from "Napoleon Wrote Fiction," translated by Christopher Frayling, published by Compton Press, £2.40.**

# Down The Line

## John Boland

**SELECTED POEMS, 1938-1968. John Berryman. Faber and Faber. £1.20.**
**LUGGING VEGETABLES TO NANTUCKET. Peter Klappert. Yale Younger Poets. £2.45 and 95p (paper).**

IN A WONDERFUL passage in "The Fire Next Time," James Baldwin, talking of music, defines what he sees as as the difference between white and black singers. White singers, he says, have "brave and sexless little voices," whereas jazz (and especially the blues) can only be properly interpreted by those who have "been down the line" themselves. For Baldwin, such a person would be black. Using the phrase in a less restrictive fashion, it is possible to argue that John Berryman's poems cannot be properly appreciated by anyone who has never been down the line of mental unease and excess, of fear of the dark, of terror of the Shadow sitting in the waste.

This is, of course, why, along with Robert Lowell, Sylvia Plath and Ted Hughes, Berryman possesses such a significance for a critic like A. Alvarez. And, no doubt, Alvarez finds his critical belief justified and even strengthened by Berryman's recent suicide. For Alvarez, modern literature, if it is to be honest and at all meaningful, must engage itself with the limits of endurance: it must take heed of Auschwitz and Hiroshima, public horror and private breakdown.

It doesn't happen to be the literature which exerts the most profound appeal on me, nor do I consider Alvarez's thesis as anything other than very shaky. Having stated that, I still feel that Berryman's stature is undeniable. I would prefer him to the other members of Alvarez's quartet in that, as well as being as technically dazzling as each of them, he is much more witty, much more sad, and, most of all, much more frighteningly like you and me than they seem to be.

It's all a matter of tone, of course. All of them belong to that school whose members are those little people who express bewilderment and terror when they are kicked around by jobs, disintegrating beliefs, relationships, marriages, and are then tipped over into the abyss. Yet Berryman manages a more bemused, less superhuman expression under the ordeal.

For this reason, Berryman's greatest work seems to me to be the "77 Dream Songs" and "His Toy, His Dream, His Rest." I enjoy the sonnets and I think "Homage to Mistress Bradstreet" is fine, but it is the stuff of which Berryman's later dreams are made which catch the imagination and the heart and set them trembling.

"These Songs are not meant
to be understood, you
understand,
They are only meant to
terrify and comfort."

And they do. The balance between poise and breakdown, dignity and despair, wit and wailing, is wondrously maintained. These are not easy poems, and the relationship between the author and his alter ego, Henry, is complex, but the wit and the wisdom and the sadness spill over on every page. And some of the poems about Ireland are finer and truer than have been produced by many Irish poets of the past generation.

The selection was made by Berryman not long before his death. It's generous and representative and affords a good introduction to anyone who wants to encounter one of the few poets of his generation who possessed grace, intelligence, humour and guts.

In contrast, young American, Peter Klappert, is very shorts on guts and very long on wind. The Yale don who awarded him the prize for best young poet of the year attempts, in an introduction, to justify his choice, and severely ruptures himself with the knots he gets into explaining how cosmically siginficant the bright young lad is. It won't wash, friend. Klappert isn't technically ignorant, except for the fact that he's altogether far too knowing. Images of disease, cult-of-violence, excrement proliferate. A boring little turd of a book.

# No Further Than Confusion

## Peter Mew

**BEYOND FREEDOM AND DIGNITY. By B. F. Skinner. Jonathan Cape. £2.25.**

HERE IS A BOOK by a man at once influential and confused. B. F. Skinner offers a plethora of mistakes which will doubtless generate the impression that he has something startlingly new to say—there *is* something new and its name is "jargon".

According to B.F., man's failure to understand himself and others has its provenance in his quasi-religious adherence to false pictures of himself, pictures which are species of the genus-picture "autonomous man" as painted by the so-called literatures of freedom and dignity. What B.F. would have us do is avoid trying to explain human behaviour in terms of certain inner or mental acts or proceses and concentrate instead on a rigorous "technology of behaviour", accepting (joyfully?) that the individual is "at best a locus in which many lines of development come together in a unique set", a product of genetic endowment and "environmental contingencies."

To characterise our behaviour we have at our disposal a wide range of mental concepts. B.F. claims to have little time for any of them, but he never succeeds in making it clear whether he thinks that some or all of them should be dropped altogther or that they are simply useless as explanatory terms. His attempts to provide what he *does* think are useful explanatory accounts of behaviour verge on the ludicrous. On pp. 146-7, for example, he produces an account of a young man whose world has suddenly changed. The young man is described first in terms of the offending mental concepts and then in a Skinnerian translation. But how is such a translation possible if, as B.F. asserts, the mental concepts have no explanatory value? We can only conclude that B.F.'s in a tangle. If we say of a man that he is dissatisfied, do we gain if we translate "he is dissatisfied" as "he is seldom reinforced"? What B.F. seems incapable of admitting is that the third-personal claim that a person is dissatisfied is, and must be, based on just the kind of public, over behaviour which he thinks such claims must inevitably ignore. Furthermore, neither the description "he is dissatisfied" nor the "description" "he is seldom reinforced" provide, in themselves, any clue whatsoever as to how to deal with the problem: we require no Skinnerian conceptual paraphernalia to see that a man may be dissatisfied because of the environment he lives in, and we go beyond B.F. in allowing the possibility that there is no environment *in* which the dissatisfaction will dissolve.

It is a fact that the problems generated by a consideration of the issue of determinism and freedom and its relations to central moral concerns such as responsibility are currently unresolved. B.F. shows scant grasp of any of them: he thinks, naively, that determinism is incompatible with responsibility and fails thus to realise that the distinction between a man who is responsible and one who is not is not drawn with the help of any universal thesis of determinism. Whatever the distinction is, it is one drawn in the same way by determinist and non-determinist alike.

The book betrays a fatal need for a good dose of philosophy, and the need becomes apparent when B.F. makes general claims for his brand of experimental psychology. He, like many others of his ilk, is apparently undeterred by the fact that the only beings he has "fruitfully" studied are animals such as rats. Undaunted, he looks forward to a world in which human beings too will reveal their deeper secrets. The hope is mortally flawed, for the human being cannot be subjected to an artificial test situation and remain the subject in whom one was originally interested; and if one gives up the fond hope of bringing humanity under the scientific eye what is there left for the behavioural psychologist but statistical banalities such as "People in town X tend to vote Tory and go to bed at 11.30 p.m."? The pied piper of Harvard will have to stay with his rats.

**Peter Mew teaches Philosophy in T.C.D.**

**ALL BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS SUPPLEMENT ARE AVAILABLE FROM EASON BOOK SHOPS**

*Spring Books*

# KILLING FOR CHRIST

## Maurice N. Hennessy

**THE MONKS OF WAR. By Desmond Seward. Eyre Methuen. £4.95.**

MORAL theologians specialising in specious semantics will find an exciting challenge in Desmond Seward's book, *The Monks of War*, the story of the military religious orders from the 12th century onwards. Before reading it I had always believed that the unique facility for running a railroad through the Ten Commandments was proper only to the Jesuits; now, having read Seward's work, I am quite convinced that the latter were mere tyros by comparison with the Cistercians. I have qualms of conscience as well as a feeling of disloyalty about this statement because I owe some of my education to the sons of St. Bernard. Had I had the maturity and knowledge contained in *The Monks of War* I fear that I would have viewed my teachers with a more jaundiced eye.

Like Mr. Colley's budget, this book — to use a hackneyed phrase — has a little something for everyone be they bankers, historians, armourers or imperialists; there is a special bonus for sadists. Before commenting on the plethora of mutilated bodies which littered most of Eastern Europe because of the ravages and wars of the Templars, the Knights of the Hospital of St. John and the various other brethren, let me concede that these "Christian" warriors did make one more interesting contribution to our social system: they were the *first* bankers by contrast with whom our present-day professionals are mere apprentices.

If the author intended to use shock tactics when describing the military brutalities which resulted from the Crusades and the wars against the "pagans", his technique has been very effective. "In St. Bernard's words: "Killing for Christ" was "*malecide* not *homicide*." And "to kill a pagan is to win glory for it gives glory to Christ."

Although Mr. Seward presents the monks of war as courageous (and this undoubtedly they were) their savagery was equalled only by that of their antagonists. Their Christian spirit made them fanatical in their courage, but it was matched by that of their enemies. For example, on the "pagan" side: "One old woman had decapitated more than a hundred warriors with an axe and when the knights broke in she split her own head. On the "Christian" side, when the Knights claimed a widow's house, ". . . she refused to leave, clinging to a door post, so a brother hacked off her fingers with a knife. Edward I restored the unfortunate woman's property, but later her son was murdered by Templar troops, whereupon the brethren took possession.

Mr. Seward loses sight of objectivity when he makes such statements as "God sent a new leader" and "Once more God was on their side." One asks: does Mr. Seward think of the Almighty as a homicidal monster?

"Fra. Winrich von Kniprode, who ruled from 1351 to 1382, and raised the Ordensland to the status of a European power, himself personifying its magnificence" was, Mr. Seward says, "an attractive, indeed magnetic figure, noted for his Rhinelander's cheerfulness, he was a man of vision." Elsewhere he is described as ". . . vir decorus et personatus, magne relligiosi tatis [*sic*] et multe prudentie," which, loosely translated, means he was a handsome and personable bloke who was both prudent and religious. A few pages later we are told that the personable gentleman's "military record of massacre and extermination may not seem over-Christian — expeditions against the Samogitians often degenerated into mere man hunts — but there is no need to doubt the brethren's conviction that those who fought them fought Jesus Christ." Unhappily, there is no comment as to what the murdering and marauding monks were doing with the Beatitudes and the Ten Commandments.

The book does not omit our own unhappy land. In fact, it makes thought-provoking reference to our particular brand of obedience: "The case of Ireland shows just how anarchic and unprofitable were some European priories. Here most commanderies were farmed out to laymen, while Irish brethren were never seen at Rhodes, being far too involved in tribal politics. The nadir was reached during the lordship of Edward IV, when Fra. James Keating became prior. Little better than a bandit, on one occasion he seized Dublin Castle. He ignored the General Citation of 1480 and in any case never sent Responsions (revenues) to the convent. Grand Master d'Aubusson declared him deposed in 1482 but when Fra. Marmaduke Lumley came to take his place Keating promptly imprisoned his unwary brother."

Although Mr. Seward's book contains a mass of interesting facts, it makes dull and repetitive reading and lacks any sparkle that could lighten the gory journey through its beautifully printed and illustrated pages. According to the blurb on the jacket, "this is the first overall history since the eighteenth century of these military religious orders." I doubt sincerely whether humanity would suffer if it were the last. For this reader, at any rate, the truly constructive quotation in the work comes from Hilaire Belloc when he wrote: "When one remembers how the Catholic Church has been governed, and by whom, one realises that it must be divinely inspired to have survived at all."

**Matriarch of the Kennedy clan, Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy. Her biography, by Gail Cameron, simply called "Rose," is published next week by Michael Joseph, £2.60.**

# Belfast's Revolving Stage

## Denis Ireland

**THE THEATRE IN ULSTER. Sam Hanna Bell. Gill and Macmillan. £1.50.**

JUST AS IN a theatre fitted with a revolving stage, the scenery facing the footlights gives the mood of the moment, but the half-lighted portion is the key to what is to follow, so with Protestant Belfast and the movement of Irish history. Protestant Belfast tried to freeze that history at the moment when the stone-frock-coated Victorians round its City Hall had been men alive, but the 20th century kept rearranging the scenery and altering the perspective.

Some such alternation of scenery and lighting is implicit behind Sam Hanna Bell's account of the *Theatre in Ulster*. But the changes remain implicit. I remember them — my life and times as a Belfast playgoer synchronise almost exactly with Mr. Bell's history, 1910-1972; but then I'm a political commentator and Mr. Bell, for obvious reasons, keeps politics behind the backcloth; even farther behind the backcloth as time goes on.

When, as a boy, I was first taken to the Belfast Opera House, politics were just emerging. Here is part of Sam Hanna Bell's quotation from *Thompson in Tir-na-n'Og*, where Grania questions Thompson about the aftermath to the sham fight at Scarva:

*Grania:* But have you been in a real fight?

*Thompson:* O aye, I was in a scrap in Portadown last Sunday.

*Grania:* And who were you fighting in Portadown?

*Thompson:* The Hibernians.

*Grania:* The Hibernians! But are not all the people in Eirinn Hibernians?

*Thompson:* Talk sense, woman dear.

I remember the great roar of healthy laughter that filled the Opera House at those lines. They were Gerald Macnamara at his genial best, the kind of satiric shafts that hurt nobody and set everybody laughing.

But the laughter at ourselves didn't last long. Carson arrived; after Carson "Ulsteria". Some of us this side of a line that at first no one knew where to draw were, apparently, not Hibernians at all but a special breed of our own.

Belfast's revolving stage then did several more revolutions. The Ulster Literary Theatre, our answer to the Abbey, belonged, with the Gaelic pantheon, to the day before yesterday. The stage of the Belfast Opera House began to be occupied, almost exclusively by touring companies from England. We Belfast Protestants pretended to like it, and economically speaking, in terms of box office, it was all we were going to get. But the Belfast audiences watching Kensington, instead of kitchen, comedy produced a new kind of farce. Or perhaps a better word would be pathos.

Sam Bell's book deals with the gallant attempts, recurrent ever since 1903, to found little indigenous theatres of our own. They all foundered on finance, but they kept springing up again; "Ulster" revolving stages kept revolving. Here in the north-east we owe them a debt of gratitude. Not only did they give some shelter from the east wind blowing out of Shaftesbury Avenue, London W., they opened windows on the Continent of Eurasia with Tchekhov, Anouilh, etc., the pick of European dramatists.

Yeats wrote:

> Certainly the national character, which is so essentially different from the English that Spanish and French influences may well be most healthy, is at present like one of those miserable thorn bushes by the sea that are all twisted to one side by the prevailing wind.

Sam Bell tells the story of sporadic attempts in Belfast and north-east Ulster to shelter from that wind. A sergeant-major of my acquaintance remarked during World War One of his regimental officers that they were "all gentlemen to a certain extent." When it comes to experimental and little theatres, we in the north-east are, apparently, "all Hibernians to a certain extent." Sam Bell's book tells you how and why.


**General Books:**

**George Malcolm Thomson**
**SIR FRANCIS DRAKE**

"It is a great biography"—Michael Foot, London **Evening Standard.** "A most spirited account of the whole dashing story"—C. P. Snow, London **Financial Times.** "Glowing and gripping biography"—**Manchester Evening News.**
Illustrated, including full colour frontispiece £3.50

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**Brian Faulkner and the Crisis of Ulster Unionism**
by Andrew Boyd
A study of the man who may be the last Prime Minister of the Stormont regime. By the author of **Holy War in Belfast.**

**Darling Kate and other Poems**
by Sean McCarthy
This new collection of poems by Sean McCarthy, the ballad writer, will be published in conjunction with Listowel Writers' Week later this month.

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Entries of poems on any subject in Irish or English and not exceeding 50-60 lines are invited to qualify for the above title.
Three typed manuscripts of each poem headed by author's name, pseudonmy and address to be sent before May 31 to Mrs. Daly, Belharbour, Co. Clare.
Each poem to be accompanied by a 25p entrance fee.
Winners will be invited to participate in the Hosting of Corcomroe on June 25.
Enclose stamped, addressed envelope to ensure return of manuscript. Copyright to remain with Hosting Committee for seven months from closing date.

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**Jonathan Cape**

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'It's very funny. The dialogue has a lilt to it, and the characters could make you weep tears of laughter.'
*Ian Crichton, Daily Telegraph*

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'The book [is] entertaining and the comedy inventive.'
*Sean McMahon, Irish Press*

'Miss Tracy crowns her book with comic characters and comic incidents.'
*John Moynihan, Sunday Telegraph*

EYRE METHUEN £1.95

**The Quiet End of Evening**

## BOOKNEWS
Terry Kelleher

### *Faulkner's Fall*

SINCE THE chances of the Stormont parliament being resuscitated become less likely as each day passes, Gill & MacMillan have done the service of commissioning a book on the passing of that institution. Called *How Stormont Fell*, it is by Henry Kelly and will be published in the middle of June as a paperback, priced 50p. It's quite an achievement both for the author, who must have been rather busy as Northern Editor of *The Irish Times*, and the publishers; quickie or "instant" books are not in the Irish publishing tradition and three months from start to finish is no mean achievement. Our man in the North, Michael McKeown, will be reviewing it in a future issue.

### *Series One*

G & M HAVE an extra large list this year thanks to two new paperback series. The first is the *Gill History of Ireland*, a ten-book series, with James Lydon and Margaret MacCurtain as general editors. The first volumes, which cost 80p each and cover the period from Ireland before the Vikings up to the 20th century, go on sale next month.

### *Series Two*

THE OTHER series is called *Life-Style Ireland* and at the moment consists of six titles, all to be published simultaneously in the last week of September. They are *Buying A House*, by George McDonnell, who writes on insurance for the *Irish Times*, *Renovating An Old House*, by Jack Fitzsimmons (who wrote the very successful *Bungalow Bliss*), the *Flatdweller's Companion*, by Elgy Gillespie, also of *The Irish Times*, *Cook's Know How*, by Kate Engel; *You and the Law*, by Charles Ford, and *Furnishing and Decorating*, by Sarah Horgan. One of the advantages of the books should be that for the first time there will be a series designed *specifically* for the Irish market, so that each volume will contain an appendix of Irish stockists and suppliers for the various goods and materials mentioned. And incidentally the books will be sold in supermarkets and newsagents. Other possible subjects to be covered next year will cover money matters, gardening and "having a baby." And planning a funeral, maybe?

### *Coming Up to Date?*

GOOD NEWS from Irish University Press, who, while they haven't given up their stodgy (but presumably lucrative) reprint programme, having completed the massive British Parliamentary papers series, now come hurtling into the 20th century with a book of contemporary *poetry!* Called *Gradual Wars*, it's by Derry-born Seamus Deane, who teaches English at U.C.D. and will be published in the late summer, price £1.00, with a special, signed limited edition, costing £3.

Other plans for this year include a facsimile of the manuscript of *Ulysses* at present in the Library of the Rosenback Foundation in Pennsylvania. And priced more popularly than usual, a series on Irish folklore, including *Beside the Fire* and *Irish Popular Folk Tales and Superstitions*.

Irish University Press also intend reprinting a series of novels, the first two titles this year being *Black Prophet*, by Carleton and *Ormonde*, by Maria Edgeworth, and the first two volumes of the *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, edited by Professor Maurice O'Connell, of Fordham University. And as a proper University Press should do, they are publishing another University man, Dan Farrelly, of U.C.D., whose *Goethe and Inner Beauty* is due out later this year.

### *Eyes Reich*

A NEW PUBLISHING imprint introduces the work of a major psychologist to be published in an English-edition for the first time. The company is Souvenir Press, who gave you *Airport* and *Wheels*, the new imprint is Condor Books and the psychologist, the controversial Austrian - born Wilhelm Reich, pupil of Freud, opponent of Fascism and proponent of the theory of orgone energy—only orgasm and the use of its energy enables a person (and thus society) to free himself and re-integrate the mind and body. Condor have acquired exclusive rights to the Reich Estate, and next week publish the first four of a long list of titles which will be available in cloth and paperback. They are *The Invasions of Compulsory Sex-morality*, *Reich Speaks of Freud*, *Listen Little Man* and *Mass Psychology of Fascism*, the last, written between 1930-'33, was naturally enough, banned by the Nazis. But it was the Americans who imprisoned him on a two-year sentence, and he died in 1957 with six months of the sentence still to run.

### *Traveller's Cheques*

A new fund for a very worthy cause was launched last week: called the *Eoin O'Mahony Bursary*, it will make available grants to Irish scholars (of all ages) understaking research on historical subjects of Irish interest based on material in foreign centres. Subscriptions (however small) should be sent to Nora Ni Shuilliobhain, 70 Pembroke Road, Dublin 4. The founding committee quite rightly feel that a fund to assist the travelling scholar is the most fitting way to remember the flamboyant, scholarly genealogist who died two years ago.

### *Bard Entry*

A poetry competition is being held in Clare early this summer for the title of *Bard of Corcomroe*, to coincide with the Hosting of Corcomroe, which takes place on June 25th. Entries of poems on any subject in Irish or English, not exceeding 50 - 60 lines, should be sent (typed in triplicate) by May 31st, to Mrs. Daly, Belharbour, Co. Clare. Each poem should be accompanied by a 25p entrance fee. There is a trophy and £20 for the first prize and two other prizes of £15 each, and it is hoped that the best of the poems will be published in booklet form.

### *Saints And Devils*

HE GAINED international fame (and notoriety) through his news-sheet, *The Week;* he fought and reported the Spanish Civil War (on the republican side, naturally); Philip Toynbee called him "the patron saint of the 1930's. No prizes for guessing that the man is Claud Cockburn, who has summed up and analysed the period in a book he has called *The Devil's Decade*, which Sidgwick and Jackson publish in the autumn. The same publishers have an interesting title from Limerick-born journalist, Kevin O'Connor, now based in London, called *The Irish in Britain*, due out in September. O'Connor should know his subject well: an intended six-month stay lasted ten years and his jobs have ranged from bus conductor (the No. 7 from Acton to London Bridge) to news reporter with B.B.C. Radio London to freelance journalist.

# The Anglo-Hellenic Crystal Ball

G. P. Solomos

**GREECE UNDER MILITARY RULE. Edited by Richard Clogg and George Yannapoulos. Secker and Warburg.**

VERY MUCH LIKE the unlucky spacecraft, *Apollo XIII*, Greece today is headed on a collision course of disaster. Reading between the lines, of the latest volume on that highly inflammatory subject, one is left believing the inevitable conflagration could bring down all of Nato's forces and all of Nato's men with little or no chance of ever putting the pieces of the Common Market—let alone the present cyclopian Hellenic dictatorship,—back together again.

Only last month we had the first of the Anglo-Hellenic verbal initiatives launched in the form of an "anonymously" written publication entitled *Inside the Colonel's Greece* (reviewed in the March 17 issue of *Hibernia*). That particular production was a trial balloon put out by a faceless right-wing reactionary element.

This month we have what established political analysts might regard as a "middle of the road" probe—an Ulster "Alliance Party" type message, if you will—called *Greece Under Military Rule*. This book is a collection of twelve hefty and sometimes quite scholarly essays, ranging from "The 'Revolution' in it's Historical Context," by C. M. Woodhouse (Conservative M.P. for Oxford), to "United States Policy in Post-War Greece," by Maurice Goldbloom (Labor Information Officer in the U.S. Economic Mission to Greece, 1950-'51). A balance is struck here by the two editors of the volume itself, who are Richard Clogg, a lecturer of Modern Greek History at King's College (University of London), and vindicates himself here as "Translator" of the totally reactionary missile mentioned above, and George Yannopoulos, a real live Greek trained economist (University of Athens) presently lecturing at the University of Reading.

Mr. Yannopoulos takes a somewhat cautious "wait and see" stand, with appropriate lists of names and objectivity to underscore his points, as both editors contribute their own convincing arguments in this series of discourses. It also includes recently written contributions from such varied and distinguished public figures as Helen Vlachos, the self-exiled journalist and publisher of the conservative Athenian newspaper, *Kathimerini*, and Arne Treholt, the Norwegian Institute of International Affairs analyst, who argues the Scandinavian efforts to expel Greece from the Council of Europe and to move NATO to take action against the military regime.

The publication of the present instalment of the "Greek Troubles" augurs a proliferation of textbook punters jumping onto the sharply rising publishing market bandwagon. (Have the "Ulster Troubles" publications been remaindered already?) All that remains now is to have the next printed matter initiative tackle the subject from the Greek Left point of view and their interpretation of the impending holocaust rushing forward to engulf the Western world and its warmongering nervous system. That book could conceivably come from Andreas Papandreou, the son of the last democratically elected Greek Prime Minister, George Papandreou, who is currently in exile in Sweden.

*Greece Under Military Rule* has a good *Index* and an excellent *Bibliography* for those wishing related follow-up material.

## PAPERBACKS

**JAMES JOYCE AND THE MAKING OF ULYSSES.** By Frank Bugden. A record of the friendship between the English painter and Joyce during his stay in Zurich, particularly concerning the writing of Ulysses; also includes an essay on "Finnegan's Wake" and "Further Recollections", written in 1955. The introduction by Clive Hart, includes previously unpublished letters from Joyce. **Oxford University Press. £1.00.**

* * *

**THE FOUR-GATED CITY.** By Doris Lessing. The fifth and final novel in the author's "Children of Violence" sequence, begins in the C.N.D. protest march period and carries through the "swinging permissive London" phase but continues on into the very possibly not-too-distant future of a post third-world-war era. **Panther. 60p.**

* * *

**INTELLECTUAL ORIGINS OF THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.** By Christopher Hill. The leading historian of 17th-century English history considers how the entrenched establishment, Church and Monarch, were suddenly overthrown and his research leads back to the 14th century, and from there he traces the developments in law (Edward Coke), science (Francis Bacon), and history. **Panther. 75p.**

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**DOWN ALL THE DAYS.** By Christy Brown. Compared to O'Casey, contrasted with Ulysses, called the most unique novel ever written, there is very little else to say about this comic, passionate brutal novel by Christy Brown. Already a hugely successful bestseller in hardback. **Pan. 40p.**

* * *

**REVOLUTION! MEXICO 1910-20.** By Ronald Atkin. One of the bloodiest revolutions of the century is retold and analysed with colour and impressive grasp of historical detail. Two of the most famous guerrilla freedom-fighters ever, Pancho Villa and Emiliano Zapata are the leading actors in the bloody struggle but the author does not forget the political and social origins of the events. Illustrated and with appendices and a detailed bibliography. **Panther. 60p.**

# Art Cinema Music Theatre

## The Dublin Feis Ceoil

A. J. Potter

SOME EIGHT DECADES AGO, the Dublin Feis Ceoil was established, if that is not too strong a word for an institution which was got going on a shoestring and been kept going likewise ever since. It's with us again this week, and again, the annual near miracle has been achieved by the devoted, mainly unpaid and unsung efforts of a band of enthusiasts who get practically no monetary support from the public purse, precious little from anyone else, and depend on an annual fee from its members which would hardly buy a decent evening dinner.

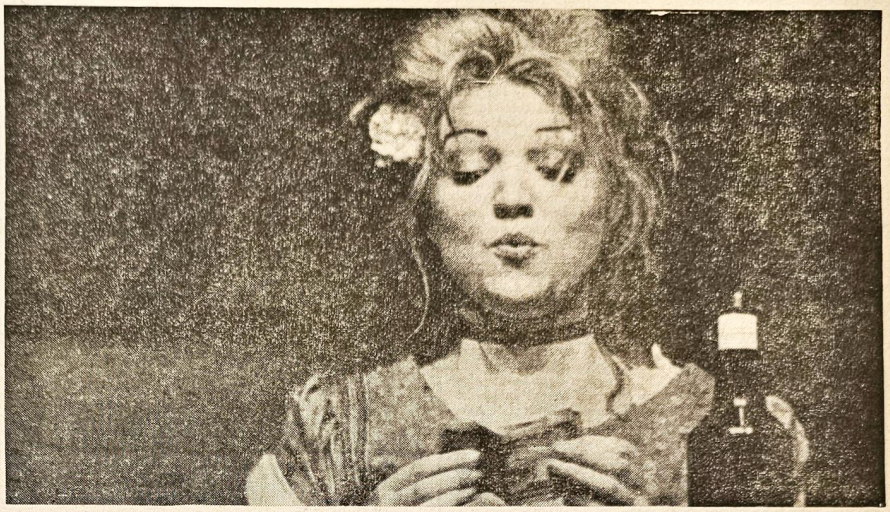
In case anyone is not clear as to just what the Dublin Feis Ceoil is, let it be known that it provides a yearly competition in all relevant voices, instruments, languages, and combinations for anything up to 1,500 participant entries and is, for many aspirant musicians and their teachers the be-all and end-all of existence. It has, of course, had its detractors, myself among them, but fault-find as one may, no one has yet suggested anything comparable which could really take its place.

So, if it is claimed to be an activity worth preserving, how do we set about preserving it, and if it needs improvement, how are we to improve it? One factor at least is common to both problems. Money. Like so many institutions which started that long ago, the annual subscription, which in those days would have represented the weekly wage of a bank clerk, would now scarcely pay a twentieth of it. Other bodies have overcome this problem by getting Government subsidies or their equivalents. The Feis Ceoil has indeed managed a "grant," but the amount is pitiable. Music costs money.

The same could be said of the various "bursaries," etc., which commercial firms donate not only to the Dublin Feis, but to comparable ventures around the country. A tobacco concern will cast a few hundred pounds in supporting these cultural musical activities and gain considerable benefit in publicity and public relations. But the same firm will happily sponsor golf matches, horse racing, or any sporting event, to the tune of tens of thousands. Is it not about time that the commercial firms either realised their obligations and increased their hundred pound bursaries one hundred-fold, or that the Feiseanna authorities realised what a ride they are being taken for and gave their cheese-paring benefactors the benefit of some short sharp advice?

As to improvements, perhaps the most pressing problem is the accommodation in which all these scores of different competitions have to take place—all within the space of one week. The halls, though usually so penuriously furnished as to make excellent accoustical conditions, for singers especially, are, apart from this, some of the most depressing makeshifts that can be imagined. I have no intention of raising that old King Charles' Head, the Kennedy Concert Hall that never was, but could not more use be made of those excellent little theatres attached to the offices of various commercial firms? Granted that, their centrifugal tendencies, compared with the older venues, might cause more exercise for multi-entrant competitors plus those enthusiasts who think nothing of taking in half-a-dozen competitions in a single afternoon. But comparable problems have been solved in the past, so why not that one?

However, when all the necessary finances shall have forthcome and all the desirable accommodation provided, there will still remain the big question of what happens to all those prize-winners who obtain such glowing commendations from their adjudicators? There was, of course, John McCormack, but its unfair to suggest that the Feis Ceoil lives on its reputation of having given him his first chance Search through the old lists and you'll find ex-prize-winners in every professional musical body in the country, whether they be players, singers, teachers, or even composers. There may be a lot wrong with the old thing, but nothing that some money—real money—won't at least be some help in starting to put right. So, since it is going on this week, and you think it ought to go on again next year, why not go along and help it do so?



Veronica Duffy in a scene from "The Iceman Cometh," at the Abbey.

## The Lower Depths

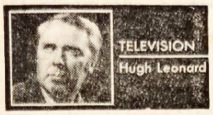
THE PEACOCK is back in good working order with the first production of an important new play by an important new Irish dramatist—Henno Magee. 'Hatchet is an exciting, disturbing, frightening play. The author has a keen, true ear for dialogue; he has wit and he produces flesh and blood, mostly blood-stained characters. His theme is clear—that people like rats, as recent experiments have shown us—if living in overcrowded cages inevitably become disorientated and violent and destroy each other.

The author of this play left school at fourteen and became a messenger boy. Very sensibly he joined the R.A.F. and "saw the world," before returning to Dublin to work in a factory. His lack of academic education has freed him from pretentiousness and half-digested trendy influences. He is entirely himself, but he has a lot to learn about construction, and he must get over a shrinking from display of heart—or even dirty word—love. Gogol's *Lower Depths*, which deals with the same theme, has moments of transcendent tenderness which lifts it occasionally out of the lower depths into poetry. I remember as a child reading a book about the London slums called *The Star in the Dustheap*. Henno Magee has produced the dustheap, but left out the star. The poetry *was* there. It was trying to be heard in the irrelevances of the poor crazed Ha Ha, himself a victim of violence and in the two love scenes between Hatchet and his wretched young wife, but it was stifled as if the director and the author were afraid of not being tough enough. The opening scene is confusing, some more cogent exposition is needed here, and a play which goes bang, bang, bang can't end with a whimper. The climax for which we had all been waiting happens off stage and we do not even know the outcome. The Greeks were great at having all the killing done offstage, but they always sent on a messenger to give us the news. Somebody should have been killed right there on that stage; the victim was all ready for the sacrifice, but everyone seemed to go home for tea. Jaquerello certainly got the play moving all right, but in the few quiet moments between tensions the direction seemed to falter. We should have felt that in that cage of wild beasts, each one of them was afraid to think, dared not think and shunned silence. The acting and the staging left nothing to be desired. May Cluskey as the grisly Ma Bailey gave one of the finest performances—in this type of role—I've seen on the Dublin stage since Allgood in *Juno and the Paycock*. Naturally, Ma Bailey lacked the nobility, the heart of Juno; she is after all a product of this time and this environment, but she is, nevertheless, a great character in her own right. John Kavanagh was ferociously good as Hatchet, and Eamon Kelly was a touching Ha Ha. All the boyos were great, and I liked Marie O'Neill's restrained performance as Angela, who seemed to me to have all the right ideas. The talented Terri Donnelly as Hatchet's wretched wife gave an uncertain performance somewhat as if she was directed *not* to play it from the heart, to play it down as it were. This is an actress with enough natural authority to be allowed a full range. She was the real victim in this play, condemned to a self-imposed sterility, and her tragedy was she knew it. She would never have run out with a broken bottle; she would have stayed behind with Ha Ha, who is the last laugh, the idiot victim of an idiot society. If you have tears to shed . . . that's what was missing in this play—tears. Even rats cry.

Upstairs to the Abbey senior, where *The Iceman Cometh* and stayeth for four high falutin hours with a pause for refreshments. This autobiographical piece of late O'Neill is based on memories of the young O'Neill when he was a sea-going bum haunting the bars of New York's dockland. The entire action takes place in Jimmy the Priest's bar. "The no chance saloon. It's bedrock bar. The end of the line cafe, the bottom of the sea Rathskeller. No one here has to worry about where they're going next, because there's no further that they can go." You get the picture? Frankly, I'm split down the middle on O'Neill.

I agree with Denis Johnson's comment, "*Mourning Becomes Electra*—night becomes impossible." I'm afraid that the same might be said of The Iceman Cometh, which is group therapy in a skid row bar. There is four hours of continous talk about pipe dreams, mother/son relationships—the Movement (then fashionably Marxist) and everyone in that bar has a love-hate relationship with death and when the third hour cometh one wishes they'd all make up their minds and bump themselves off. Hickman, the messenger of death, the Iceman or what Joyce much more aptly describes as the Grim Raper appears, tries a super saleman job on rehabilitation of the barflies, which fails and triggers off a marathon confession of murder from *himself*. The cops arrive; he is arrested, and led off. The young man with mother goes out and commits suicide and everyone goes on drinking. So what? The first production in New York by Eddie Dowling, who played Hickman, was failure, and took a massive mauling from the critics. The second production by Jose Quintero in the Circle in the Square, with Jason Robards as Hickman, was a smash hit three years after the author's de th. The Abbey production, with one reservation, is just as good as the Quintero. Voytek's set and lighting is splendidly grim and hopeless. I was a little critical of the ladies' costumes. They looked as if they'd stepped out of stage Coach *en route* to a Wild West Saloon. This was New York 1912, and the tarts and the ladies wore dustcoats and pork pie hats. As for the acting, Philip O'Flynn was outstanding as Larry, the broken, disillusioned old anarchist; Harry Brogan provided some much-needed comic relief, and Desmond Cave gave us a chilling performance as a skid row exgraduate of Harvard Law School. Raymond Hardie, Peadar Lamb and Boscoe Hogan were also excellent. Of the ladies the most amusing and convincing was Veronica Duffy. Vincent Dowling, essentially a light comedian in appearance, personality and talent, was miscast. He was simply not able to convey the deeper sinister side of Hickman and all that O'Neill meant him to symbolise. Guilt, rage, self-torment and despair. In short, O'Neill speaking for himself.

# Mixty Fortnight




AT AN ART EXHIBITION recently, a friend of mine was accosted by a gentleman with a wrist so limp as to verge on bonelessness. "Why don't we," the frail one trilled, "go back to my place and have a little party?" My friend—delivering, as he thought, a crushing retort—said: "Delighted. May I bring my wife?" Whereupon his new soulmate clapped his hands in Wilde rapture and cried: "Oh goody: we can have a mixty!" Well, where R.T.E. is concerned, it has been a mixty fortnight. For instance . . .

Not a bad canned **Hamlet**, but weak enough for the Horatio to steal the show (but then Horatio always does, even though—barring Laertes—he is the dullest character). There was a nice Ophelia who was obviously barking mad from the start: clearly she and Hamlet had been up to no good under the battlements and Polonius, in shutting the stable door, merely banged it on his daughter's head. As Hamlet, Ian McKellan forfeited our admiration by slurring his vowels. Any actor will tell you that it takes genuius to slur a vowel (try it!) but I swear that I heard Mr. McKellan say: "O, that this too, too salad flesh would melt!" Claudius should be—but never is—a decent man corrupted by randiness, just as Gertrude ought to be an ageing Danish pastry crumbling at the edges. Instead of giving us a pair of lustful newly - weds, John Woodvine and Faith Brook resembled a Higher-Ex and a typist dancing democratically at a Christmas party. Shakespeare, more than any writer, practised what Lesing was later to preach: that in a good play every character is in the right. Despite this, we go on inventing villains where there are none.

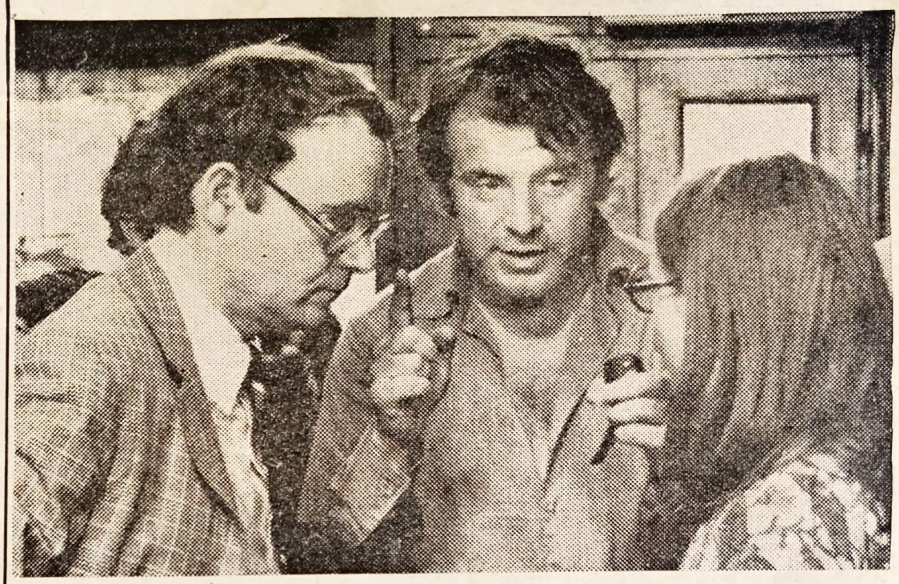
The best **Late Late Show** in months was marred by the appearance of a person who put a live ferret down his trousers. The unfortunate beast was so roughly handled as to make the spectator hopeful that it would exact revenge while down the gentleman's front by having itself a ball. (I speak metaphorically, of course.) However, the remainder of the show was devoted to a discussion of Robert Kee's **The Green Flag**, during which Dr. Cruise O'Brien and others attempted to define nationalism. My own definition of the word is that it is universal brotherhood beaten over the head with the handle of a parish pump: and although, within this concept, I found the discussion somewhat mealy-mouthed in its reticence, it was at least literate and skilfully handled, with Mr. Kee refusing to be drawn by the armchair patriots in the audience.

A week later, the **Late Late** had one of its disasters. The "soapbox" was occupied by a *soi-disant* Maid of Orleans who turned out to be made of wood as far as her talents for public speaking went. Relying on what were obviously the scantiest of notes, she stammered, dithered and collapsed into screaming silences, until Gay Byrne put her out of our agony. The subject was Rachmanism, but the poor lady could muster hardly one concrete example of beastliness in bedsitters, and finally the nice landlady who was there to refute the arguments that never came, actually went to her rescue and banjaxed the proceedings. It was one of those occasions when Mr. Byrne's researchers should have salted the audience with agrieved tenants and their landlords; but perhaps in future the "soapbox" orators will be required to equip themselves with a script instead of little more than a smile and a "Hail Mary."

As the Sputum Saga totters towards its end, those partners continue to practice, but still haven't got it right. Last week's exercise was shored up by the considerable talents of Aine Ní Mhuirí and May Cluskey; and it was heartening to see an ending in which a noisome character was disposed of by having her run screaming out of doors, smack in front of a passing car. And, yes; I know this is the oldest ploy in the busines (cf. **Escape to Happiness** and **Live Now, Pay Later**), but at least it proves that the writers watch TV once in a while.

The reprehesible gentleman with the ferret in his nether regions boasted that it was the first time such a feat had been attempted on live television. It wasn't— I saw it done with two ferrets a year ago; and neither is **Cross Questions** quite the "brand-new' game that Liam Nolan makes out. It is, in fact, strongly derived from Granada's **Criss-Cross Quiz**, one of the less imbecilie examples of the *genre*. The laws of copyright see to it that there are differences, but these seem designed to ensure that the competitors win as little money as possible. On a first viewing its main assets appear to be those of the handsomely upholstered Miss Candy Devine, who has the—for R.T.E.—rare gift of introducing the contestants without giving the impression that she is dispensing communion wafers. Mr. Nolan got into rather a muddle—a quiz programme is *not* the way in which to deploy his folksy talents; and the business of asking the competitors to press a switch after each correct answer became so monotonous as to make a migraine attack preferable.

I don't quite know what to make of the silent films on Sunday afternoons. The Fairbanks acrobatics were marvellous in **The Black Pirate** and **The Mark of Zorro,** but one swallow dive doesn't make a mummer; similarly, we paid for the Griffith crowd scenes in **Orphans of the Storm** by enduring aeons of Lillian Gish's mad madonna: although there was an additional compensation when the Reign of Terror was described by a title as the work of Bolsheviks. R.T.E.'s feature films lately have been a collective bore; and . . what with Glenn Ford's queening last Sunday, next Saturday and every damned week in **Decayed County** or whatever its name is, I am beginning to wonder if he has shares in R.T.E. He's welcome to mine.



**Miles Foreman (centre) at work making "Taking Off."**

# The Generation Gap

THE GENERATION GAP, I suppose, is by now yet another cinema cliche, but it is still getting a good run and shows no signs of narrowing. "Summertree," "B.S. I Love You," "Making It," "The Summer of '42," each in its own way deals with the disenchantment of youth, easy sex, the false values of society, anti-establishment revolt, the schizoid relationships of parents and children. Many of them inevitably are already out of date before they are even completed, and totally so by the time they have survived the time lag imposed in this country by distributors and the censorship procedures.

At the moment there are two films on view covering this particular subject, and each is above average. Czech film-maker, Milos Foreman's TAKING OFF (Academy) is one of the most hilarious films of the year, and shows that Forman's translation to American has dimmed neither his original talent nor his wry sense of comedy. The antics of major film companies are often beyond normal comprehension, as I pointed out some weeks ago in the matter of MGM refusing to distribute "The Go-Between." In the case of TAKING OFF Forman agreed to make the film for Paramount, but found himself out on a limb when the front-office refused to back the script. He then peddled the project around various studios with little success until Universal, flushed with the profits from "Airport," decided to finance the film.

The high-spirited pleasure engendered by TAKING OFF stems from Forman's attitude to the contemporary scene in the States as he sees it through Czech eyes. His sympathy lies clearly with the young generation, but it is shown not at the expense of the older middle-aged generation whom he looks on with rueful amusement. Here he uses the same approach that succeeded so well in his earlier films, "A Blonde in Love" and "Fireman's Ball," the trick of turning moments of quiet desperation into warm humour.

In other words, TAKING OFF is the same hilarious mixture as before, a Forman film that happens to be made in the United States, with Forman applying the same human yardstick to his characters as he did in his Czech films. The title, TAKING OFF, can be accepted on at least three levels. In the first place it is a "take-off" or parody, a satirical squint at certain aspects of American society, and as such seems to me to be superior to Antonioni's parable in "Zabriskie Point." The title further applies to the sixteen-year-old girl who suddenly takes off from her comfortable middle-class suburban home where her father is undergoing hypnosis treatment to break the smoking habit and the mother is doing some research work in the Updike country, comparing notes with her neighbours on the sexual oddities of their respective husbands.

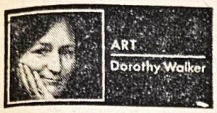
When they realise she is missing the parents, gradually becoming more pickled in alcohol, take off on an odyssey through the alternative society of drugs and pop in Greenwich Village, where their antics are treated by Forman in the manner of a comic charade. Clutching a framed portrait of their missing daughter, they wander into the city of dreadful night, and the trail finally brings them to the SPFC, the Society for Parents of Fugitive Children. Here, in an astonishingly funny set-piece, the solemn members gather for a full-dress dinner, wearing brooch-pictures of their missing offspring, and take part in an experimental pot-party in order to help them share the experiences of the younger generation. After this immersion in drug culture they take off or get high on drink and marijuana and wind up playing strip poker with some lecherous neighbours where some of them literally take off, stripping to the buff.

Like Forman's earlier films TAKING OFF is constructed as a series of anecdotes brilliantly observed to give a cogent view of a particular society. His timing of each scene is impeccable and he catches his characters just at the precise moment of absurdity and imbalance in their role-playing. The comedy and pathos of Forman's films arise from the incompatibility between the way people like to see themselves and the way they actually appear to others. Not satisfied to be what they are they try to play out other roles. Thus, in TAKING OFF, it is the children who are serious-minded and the parents who act with irresponsible frivolity. From the opening scene, a wickedly acidic look at the rock scene with its interchangeable songs and singers, and with the help of two absolutely dead-on portrayals of the parents by Buck Henry and Lyn Carlin, TAKING OFF manages to make the generation gap cliche into something uproarious and enjoyable.

In THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR (Corinthian) director David Greene takes a more sombre look at the generation gap. Once again the scene is New York, where parents, Eli Wallach and Julie Harris, find their teenage daughter "tripping out" in the closet of their comfortable suburban home. As the daughter refuses to cooperate in the family therapy sessions and runs away to join the drug scene in the Village the parents have to face up to the situation that their daughter may have to spend the rest of her life in an institution. Here, indeed, is the dark side of TAKING OFF.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELEN,? the supporting film at the New Metropole, is a mildly humorous horror piece set in Hollywood of the Thirties, and worth seeing for a wonderfully acidulous take-off by Micheal MacLiammoir of a ham actor giving elocution lessons to would-be Shirley Temples.

# Radical Vs Reactionary




THE BOSTON MUSEUM of Fine Arts has been unwillingly in the news of late for the circumstances in which it acquired, imported, and then somewhat ignominiously had to return to the Italian Government, a painting by Raphael. Indeed the circumstances of its acquisition of the tiny, exquisite, eighth-century Irish Emly shrine are also believed to be doubtful.

Until now the museum has been more renowned for its Egyptian collection than for its contribution to twentieth century art, but the recently-appointed Curator of Contemporary Art, Kenworth Moffett, has selected and mounted an exhibition of abstract art in the seventies, which is as radical as it is reactionary.

It is not a large exhibition, comprising no more than twelve artists, but including such masters of the New York School as Motherwell, Gottlieb, Frankenthaler, Diebenkorn, and later artists like Poons, Olitski and Noland.

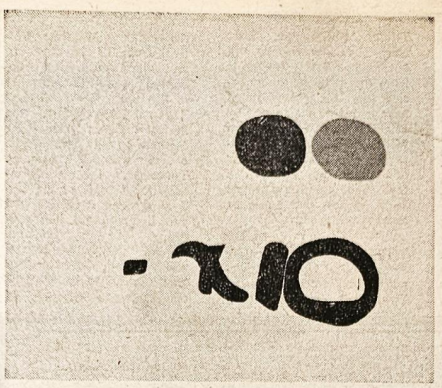
Noland's painting has changed considerably, firstly in format, to a tall, vertical, rectangular shape, softly painted in luminous colours with a light over-painting of widely spaced, open check-long vertical lines, sometimes just one side and across the top and bottom as in a narrow blue painting with a soft mauve over-check, sometimes an all-over pattern as in a tall yellow painting with orange staining encroaching from the sides; or in one stunning painting, a huge horizontal yellow with barely two faint horizontal lines top and bottom.

The whole exhibition is very painterly with a feeling for a soft, deep, poetic surface. There is no example of flat juxta-posed, one-toned planes, like Stella or Ellsworth Kelly, nor any hard edge. Unlike, say, Le Brocquy, whose painting comes forward from an immense depth to arrive finally at the surface, almost all the works in this exhibition recede from the surface into an infinite distance devoid of perspective. The artists' skill in using their respective techniques to ensure a bell-like clarity in what they want to say, while maintaining a poetic, mystical, even tender manner of saying it, is remarkable—as much through the ubiquitous soft surface as through the fantastic authority and peacefulness of the mode.

Even Olitski, who makes a hard crust of sprayed varnish over his surface, nevertheless, underneath this crust, dissolves his colours in a mist of infinitely gradated dots, generally allowing the underneath surface to be glimpsed at the edge of the varnished crust, and once or twice pointing up the delicacy of the whole treatment with an incursion of thick hard plastic at the extreme corner.

Directly opposed to Olitski's build-up of minute sprayed dots, Frankenthaler's great washes of colour look like Turner without the delineation. One of her paintings is called "Toward Venice": wishful thinking would like to assemble a golden Canaletto, a golden Turner and this great golden Frankenthaler as a combined study of the evening light in Venice.

Larry Poons' painting has altered more than any other artist. The museum possesses a very fine Poons of the sixties in his earlier Optical manner, a dazzling series of bright blue



**Red versus Blue by Adolph Gottlieb.**

ovals jumping all over a red background in unseizable after-images. He is now painting several layers of colour laid thickly one over the other, with the top layer dragged out in long streaks of paint which sometimes take part of the underlying layers with them, but always reveal still further layers underneath that again. One huge beauty, 25 ft. wide, was like a long curved horizontal cloud, suffused with a superb golden light like sunshine,, with a wide curtain of rainstreaks pouring from it.

Motherwell was the only painter in the group who relied on drawing to complete his statements about space and colour. He uses a thin, black jagged very vibrant line to outline three sides of a linear square or rectangle against bright, soft colours like orange or ochre, the open end generally bleeding off the canvas at the top. The simple "open" device—the paintings are all called "Open"—releases vast space with a sense of most exciting possibilities.

Jack Bush, the Canadian painter, uses wide planks of strong one-tone colour against a soft multi-toned background. Dan Christensen has to some extent taken over Bush's former position of single-colour areas lying adjacent to one another, mostly rectangular in shape. Gottlieb's sun-disc has developed a sharp edge, although in one tall, narrow painting a hazy green sun floats in a blue ground descending to a broken wave at the bottom of the canvas, contrasting with his normal white background with black, red or green motifs. Darby Bannard's white over yellow paintings were like paint peeling on an old wall, showing the previous colour underneath. Robert Goodnough used a pale neutral background to his flights of sharp-edged small white shapes, like a fluttering white paper. He cuts a line into the edge of the white, so that it looks like a pasted-down cut-out; the whole flight is consequently in slight relief against the background.

It is indeed a remarkably selected exhibition in that such a unified sense of expression is common to such different artists. While it is a highly personal selection, it is of a quality that augurs extraordinarily well for the future of the new Contemporary Department of the Boston Museum.

# Sing Joycefully

THE MALE AND FEMALE voice singing in concert can produce interesting results if the chorus master pays proper attention to the juxtapositioning of certain voices. The Heidelberg-Mannheim Academy Choir who were here recently have been very carefully matched, and in addition they sang music by composers who knew how to make use of words to the advantage of the music.

We have heard Joseph Groocock working his annual miracle on the College Choral in the Examination Hall T.C.D. and it is a definite miracle because the learned Doctor has to take pot luck with a fresh bunch of students every year most of whom may have sung in school choirs or in church and that would be the end of it. The German Students were all music students hoping to make a career from music and therefore brought a pretty sophisticated knowledge to Distler, Brahms and Bruckner. They were magnificent in Distler and Bruckner and the variable colouring in the latter was a real delight.

Just a couple of evenings previously we had heard Our Ladys Choral Society conducted by Proinsios O Duinn wending their way through "How beautiful are thy dwellings" from Brahms' German Requiem, but as I complained in the *Evening Herald* they failed to put across to us the yearning wonderment which Brahms so magically distils in this excerpt. Mr. O Duinn is not an experienced choral conductor but given enough rope and sufficient opportunity of improving his technique on an experienced professional group of singers he might indeed develop into a most significant conductor of voices. He is now a highly sophisticated and knowledgable conductor of orchestras, and only a slight adjustment of the mind stands between him and a choir. I would very much like to hear Mr. O Duinn in a decent concert hall having a go at Mahlers No. 3 or indeed the excerpts from the 10th Symphony. Boulez has recently been issued on the C.B.S. label conducting the Adagio and Waldmarchen, but the strings of the London Symphony Orchestra are extremely metallic and very un-Mahler like. That is a slight digression and needs an article all to itself.

On July 1st, we shall have a visit from the New England Conservatory Chorus at the R.D.S. conducted by that gifted woman Lorna Cooke de Varon. This is a magnificent choir as their recording some years ago with Leinsdorf of the German Requiem demonstrates. It is one of the best versions available. Recordings are dangerous because one can never be absolutely sure of how much is due to engineers waggling knobs, but my impression of the choir in Brahms was reinforced by their new record on which they achieve some very exciting results. In Ives and Stravinsky they produce the exact sound appropriate to the word. Those who like myself read snatches of Finnegans Wake uncomprehendingly purely for the sake of the rhythm would enjoy their singing of Schönbergs setting of the De Profundis. Like Carl Orff and James Joyce, Schönberg understands the value of the tonal substructure of language something to which B. Britten is a complete stranger. Eric Sweeney demonstrated this point very clearly at the Culwick Concert a week ago when he included Parry's "Lord let me know mine end" as well as Britten's ghastly farrago "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard." Parry, heaven knows, was not a genius but he knew how to set words to their advantage, and as Orff has shown it is a matter of the rhythmic selection of a particular word matched to a tonal setting. Chorus masters can help, of course if they place as much importance on choosing voices as a string quartet will on choosing instruments.

In Ireland it is a case of beggars not being choosers, and the matching of Irish voices is as difficult as the matching of material. Most Irish choirs can read between the lines and spaces, they are not tone deaf, and when they open their mouths a sound comes out, but when you have said that you have said it all.

In the matter of vocal production and musical expertise they are as innocent as the readers of this paper were before *Hernia*. I am not comparing any of our choirs to either of these foreign choirs because that would be crass stupidity, and as we know our choirs have on occasion produced some brilliant results. I would however like to think that we could have in Dublin an élite choir picked from various sources and as wisely chosen and nurtured as good brandy.

The Arts Council in a fit of astonishing extravagance has spent £913 on amateur choral groups in the last year roughly speaking. You might buy a good sized painting for that sum. You certainly would not buy a car or a boat or if you did one or the other would be sure to spring a leak. The Culwick have a young conductor who is showing great promise in this line of country, would it be possible for some of our business moguls to match the Arts Council figure next year in the hope that, like Irish writers, Irish singers and composers could have the odd beano? It should be possible for this city, even if it cannot afford a hall, to have one really great choir which could be assembled for a big performance of Mahler, Bruckner or Stravinsky two or three times a year. We are poor only in the way we hamhandle our natural resources be they animal, vegetable, or musical.

**New England Conservatory Chorus. Crest Records. Mahler Adagio from 10th Symphony. C.B.S. 72865.**

# The Menace Of The Drunken Non-Driver

## Bernard Share

I SUPPOSE THAT when people first began chugging quietly along behind the man with the red flag they didn't realise that they were driving symbols. It must all have been very cheerful and jolly—except for the odd pedestrian who got in the way—and a far cry from the tense neurosis that now extends to every aspect of motoring from the selection of the correct model applicable to your status to the final problem of getting the remains towed away to the scrap heap. Why cracked-up, painted tin with a filligree of blood and bone should be accepted as a standard of civilisation is one of those questions of suffocating boredom that we won't go into just now, equally why it is considered the essence of masculinity to sit in a semi-crouched position holding a little wheel between your front paws and staring fixedly into space. Have you ever watched a group of dancers from a position where it is impossible to hear the music? Bloody stupid they look, cavorting soundlessly with expressions of bemused agony on their faces. Drivers are much the same—detach them from their tinny shells and they look like brooding and twitching fanatics: which is indeed what they—we—are.

What about your man, though, who blandly maintains, even in the face of all kinds of impending disaster, that he "doesn't drive." It's never that he "can't drive," or "won't drive," which you could put down either to stupidity or the sulks, but "doesn't drive," implying some kind of moral superiority over, and detachment from, us miserable mortals who, whatever our spiritual or physical condition, have to get there, twiddle the little buttons, and, of course, get out in the pouring rain and stick our heads under the bonnet (only to discover that we have been peering gloomily into the boot) whilst your man, from the relative comfort of the interior, maintains cheerfully that he knows nothing whatever about engines. Because your non-driver carries his detachment to the point of claiming utter ignorance of all internal combustible processes, except those associated with lowering strong drink in the nearest while you are wrestling with condensation in the tappet-valves. He pretends to an utter, childlike faith, not only in the bewildering mechanism under the bonnet (or, in some cases, in the boot) but, what is worse, in you. Your fellow driver, perceiving that you are in a condition to explode a battery of breathalysers from a hundred metres, will twitch nervously in the passenger seat, identify little old ladies about to cross the street when in fact they are waiting patiently for next week's 59 bus, point out the choice of colours available from the friendly neighbourhood traffic lights, and otherwise display a certain lack of confidence in your automotive abilities which has been known to strain even the most alcoholically-cemented friendship. Not so your drunken non-driver: he piles in, collapses in an utterly relaxed posture whilst you are screwing up your eyeballs in a vain attempt to induce the two gardaí in front of your bumper to focus as one, and keeps up a genial flow of scurrilous anecdote whilst you are endeavouring to decide whether you are driving up the Naas road or down the main runway at Collinstown. And if, overcome by remorse or by the shock of a woolly tiger in the car in front quite openly snarling at you, you decide you just can't go on, your N.-D. will give you one of those looks which used to be reserved for boy scouts who had been caught giving girl guides private lessons in woodcraft and, stepping smartly out of your car, hail the taxi that is always conveniently passing and disappear effortlessly into the night.

No doubt the Comharghadh will eventually introduce Compulsory Driving as part of the international school curriculum and these airy spirits, who have somehow managed to go on living as if Henry Ford had never happened, will be driven, first, into a Non-Drivers' L.F.M, and finally locked up as dangerous social deviates. It will be a pity, because your Non-Driver is probably the last bastion against our total acceptance of the car as *the* social symbol. Or is he? Perhaps he is only the subtle spearhead of a movement which will label us all as social nobodies unless we travel everywhere in the back seat, piloted by our faithful chauffeur. Home, James, and don't spare the fifteen point six seven horses!

# News in the Arts

## Patrick Carroll

IT IS INDEED ironic that just when the Project Arts Centre was experiencing its greatest difficulty, it has been placed in a better position than ever before. Last week their lease in the Abbey Street premises expired, but they will be back again with a larger and better Project, in the first week of June. Bigger by about five times the floor space, and better because they will be able to divide the area to accommodate a permanent exhibition gallery, a performing area, a general area and a coffee bar.

The new centre is at 15 South King Street, opposite the Gaiety, and it has been made available to Project by an American, **Mr. Charles Merrill,** whose company, Trinity Publications Ltd., will be publishing a quarterly Arts magazine from the same premises. Incidentally, the Arts Council have increased their grant by £500 to £1,500 a year, and while Project have not appealed for funds for their new place, anyone with a few bob to spare must know by now that it will be money well spent.

THE FOURTH Dundalk Amateur Drama International will be staged in the Town Hall, Dundalk, during the ten-day Maytime Festival from 12-21 May. In recognition of Ireland's accession to full membership of the International Amateur Theatre Association, the Secretary General, **Mr. Peter Schreiber,** will perform the official opening ceremony. To enhance the already international basis of the festival, groups from Holland and Belgium will join with groups from England, U.S.A., Northern Ireland and the Republic to present what appears to be the most comprehensive selection of plays ever seen at an amateur Festival in Europe. Two of the most successful Irish groups on the Festival circuit this year will represent the Republic of Ireland —the Strand Players of Dublin appear in **Peter Weiss's** play, "Marat-Sade," which won the major award at the All-Ireland Amateur Drama Festival in Athlone recently. The Ballintra Players will present **Dennis (Casanova) Potter's** "Son of Man," a controversial version of the life of Christ, which made a big impact last year when **Colin Blakely** starred in the television production. One of the most interesting items promises to be the American Theatre Company of Brussels presentation of the 1971 Pulitzer Prize-winning, "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man in the Moon Marigold," by **Peter Zindel,** which was mysteriously taken off the Dublin Theatre Festival programme earlier this year. Further information from the Festival Office, Crowe Street, Dundalk. Tel. (042)5253/4.

WITH THE FESTIVAL of Great Irish Houses, the Film Festival in Cork and now the Dublin Festival of Twentieth Century Music, which used to be held in January, all planned for June next, that month has become the most arts orientated of the year. The Dublin Festival of Twentieth Century Music, which is organised by the Music Association of Ireland, is in it's fourth successive year and although it has made it's mark internationally the possibility of a poor tourist season necessitates good home support. The primary purpose of the Festival is to present a broad spectrum of solo, chamber and orchestral music of the twentieth century. Young Irish composers are given special attention and among the items will be **Samuel Barber's** ADAGIO, **Patrick Stanford's ANTHITHESIS** and a first performance of **Eric Sweeney's** NEW WORK.

OPENING AT the Gate Theatre on Monday, 15 May, "The Late Edwina Black," by **William Morum** and **William Dinner.** The authors wrote successfully for the English Amateur Theatre in the *'forties,* but this play was their only big success on the international scene. The copyright was bought by **Peter Dorbiny,** who brought it to Broadway, where it received wide public acclaim. As thrillers seem to be in public demand lately, this play should prove to be good box-office. Direction is by **Chloe Gibson,** who directed the first production at the Ambassador Theatre, London, in 1949. The cast includes **Aidan Grenell, Blanaid Irvine, Nora O'Mahony** and **John Franklin.**

VISITING COMPANIES to the Abbey this summer will include the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre, who will present **Shakespeare's** "Timon of Athens," beginning May 29th, and Le Treteau de Paris will appear in "The Barber of Seville." **Tom MacIntyre's** new play, "Eye-Winker, Tom Tinker," will be staged at the Peacock in August. Also at the Peacock, "Splinters from a Glass," a new play by **Edward Rowe,** and two one-act plays by **O'Casey**—"Bedtime Story" and "The End of the Beginning," which commences Monday, 22nd May. Direction is by **John Lynch** (R.T.E.) and stage design by **Gerry Crossan.**

**REMINDERS:**

THE DUBLIN Baroque Players will perform **Mozart's** Clarinet Concerto at Castletown House next Sunday at 8.30 p.m. **Brian O'Rourke** — clarinet, conductor **Liam Fitzgerald.** At the Examination Hall, T.C.D., on Wednesday next, the New Irish Chamber Orchestra will play **Schoenberg's** "Verklarte Nacht," soloist—**Patricia Dunkerley,** under the baton of **André Prieur.** Tonight (May 12th) at 8 p.m., in U.C.D., **David Nolan** will give a lecture on "Some of the Greatest Monuments in Florence," and on Sunday, at 12 noon, **John Turpin** will lecture on "Cubism," at the Municipal Gallery.

TEXACO

# 18th National Children's Art Competition Results

### GROUP A — 16-17 YEARS

**1ST PRIZE (SCHOLARSHIP £125)**
**Michael McWilliams,** 134 Rockford Park, Blackrock, Co. Dublin **(Age 17).**

**2ND PRIZE (SCHOLARSHIP £60)**
Tony Carroll, 35 Harmonstown Road, Artane, Dublin 5 (Age 16).

**3RD PRIZE (SCHOLARSHIP £30)**
Ken Drakeford, 59 Landscape Park, Churchtown, Dublin 14 (Age 17).

**SPECIAL MERIT AWARDS**
Fergus Martin, Blackrock College, Dublin (Age 16).
Elizabeth Power, Loreto Convent, Foxrock, Co. Dublin (Age 17).
Billy Andrews, 3 Alta Terrace, Monkstown, Co. Cork (Age 16).
Dorothy Cross, Miss O'Sullivan's School, 5 Sth Mall, Cork (Age 16).
Rachel English, 17 Ochardstown Park, Templeogue, Dublin (Age 16).
Louis Humphrey, 36 Cairngorm Drive, Larne, Co. Antrim (Age 16).
Geraldine Sadlier, Salesian Convent, Fernbank, Limerick (Age 16).
Peter Francis, 42 Strathmore Park South, Belfast (Age 16).
Gordon Wallace, Friends School, Lisburn, Co. Antrim (Age 16).
Maura McGowan, 185 Mount Prospect Avenue, Clontarf, Dublin (Age 16).
Colin Cranson, Glebe House, 30 Belfast Road, Millbrook, Larne, Co. Antrim (Age 16).
William Taylor, Righaham House, 37 Bridgend Road, Ballycarry, Carrickfergus, (Age 16).
Jennifer Peart, Loreto Convent, Foxrock, Co. Dublin (Age 17).
Pat O'Connor, Liss, Cromane Lr., Killorglin, Co. Kerry (Age 16).
Thomas Walsh, Carrigapour, Midleton, Co. Cork (Age 16).
Francis Conway, Summerhill College, Sligo (Age 16).
Terry O'Farrell, Ursuline Convent, Cabinteely, Co. Dublin (Age 16).
Fidelma Dunne, Dominican College, Taylor's Hill, Galway, (Age 16).
Linda Keegan, St. Joseph's College, Presentation Convent, Lucan, Co. Dublin (Age 16).
John Hughes, Blackrock College, Co. Dublin (Age 16).
Aisling Ni Bhriain, Palm Skerrett Studios, 64 Dawson St., Dublin (Age 16).
Anne Renehan, Scoil Iosa, Kilcock, Co. Kildare (Age 16).
Eithne Jordan, 245 Mt. Prospect Ave, Clontarf, Dublin (Age 17).
Valerie Syms, 50 Coolnevaun, Off Kilmacud Rd, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin (Age 16).
Mary O'Beirne, Bridge Street, Strokestown, Co. Roscommon (Age 16).

### GROUP B — 14-15 YEARS

**1ST PRIZE (SCHOLARSHIP £60)**
Robert Armour, 10 Sallagh Park, Larne, Co. Antrim (Age 14).

**2ND PRIZE (SCHOLARSHIP £30)**
Eamonn Regan, 37 Larchfield Road, Goatstown, Dublin (Age 15).

**3RD PRIZE (SCHOLARSHIP £20)**
Bryan F. Rutledge, Lovell Lodge, Manse Road, Carryduff, Belfast (Age 15). (Age 15).

***SPECIAL MERIT AWARDS***
Lisa Young, Holy Faith Convent, St. Wolstan's, Celbridge, Co. Kildare (Age 15).
Brian Sproule, St. Patrick's Secondary School, Barnageeha, Antrim Road, Belfast (Age 15).
Mary Ryan, Presentation Convent, Kildare (Age 14).
M. McCarney, St. Joseph's Secondary School, Enniskillen, Co. Tyrone (Age 15).
Peter Barry, 25 Nutgrove Park, Clonskeagh, Dublin (Age 14).
Anne O'Donoghue, 41 Northumberland Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4 (Age 14).
Mary Lyons, Scoil Iosa, Kilcock, Co. Kildare (Age 14).
Alan Cartwright, Ballyclare High School, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim (Age 14).
Paul O'Keeffe, Blackrock College, Co. Dublin (Age 14).
K. McTeggart, St. Joseph's Secondary School, Enniskillen, Co. Tyrone (Age 14).
Clodagh McDonagh, 15 Devon Gardens, Saithill, Galway (Age 14).
Eithne Hughes, 31 Bird Avenue, Clonskeagh, Dublin (Age 14).
Geraldine Kinsella, Holy Faith Secondary School, Haddington Road, Dublin (Age 15).
Raymond Armour, 10 Sallagh Park, Larne, Co. Antrim (Age 14).
Philip Whelan, c/o Palm Skerrett Studios, Dublin (Age 15).
Lorraine Galley, The Wallace High School, Lisburn, Co. Antrim (Age 15).
Maureen Johnson, 39 Thomastown Rd., Rochestown Ave., Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (Age 14).
Patrick Hefferman, Vocational School, Carrick-on-Suir, Co. Tipperary (Age 15).
Frank Muldowney, Vocational School, Kilkenny (Age 15).
Breeda Noone, Convent of Mercy, Strokestown, Co. Roscommon (Age 15).
Dermot Delargy, St. Patrick's Secondary School, Barnageeha, Antrim Rd., Belfast (Age 14).
Meredith Brosnan, 51 Eglinton Road, Donnybrook, Dublin (Age 14).
Stephanie Peppard, Loreto Convent, Foxrock, Co. Dublin (Age 15).
Marc Reilly, Blackrock College, Co. Dublin (Age 15).
Margaret Gillan, Dominican Convent, Taylor's Hill, Galway (Age 15).
Clifford Martin, Wallace High School, Lisburn, Co. Antrim (Age 15).

### GROUP C — 12 & 13 YEARS

**1ST PRIZE (£25)**
Catherine Caraher, St. Louis Convent, Carrickmacross, Co. Monaghan **(Age 13).**

**2ND PRIZE (£20)**
Martin Flaherty, Vocational School, Fr. Griffin Road, Galway (Age 13).

**3RD PRIZE (£15)**
Patricia Little, Carland Road, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone (Age 12).

**SPECIAL MERIT AWARDS**
Richard Adherne, St. Kierans College, Kilkenny (Age 12).
Miriam Carey, Presentation Convent, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary (Age 13).
Frank Callanan, Willow Park School, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (Age 12).
Stephen Cullen, Willow Park School, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (Age 12).
Concepta Gallagher, La Sainte Union Convent, Banagher, Co. Offaly (Age 13).
Joseph St. Leger, 69 Waltham Terrace, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (Age 12).
Michael Dolan, 74 Kill Avenue, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (Age 13).
Roger Conway, The Wallace High School, Lisburn, Co. Antrim (Age 13).
Elizabeth Smith, Assumption Secondary School, Walkinstown, Dublin (Age 13).
Arlene Hendy, Scoil Iosa, Kilcock, Co. Kildare (Age 13).
Ann Giles, Scoil Iosa, Kilcock, Co. Kildare (Age 13).
Eoin MacLochlainn, Colaiste Mhuire, Dublin (Age 12).
Niall Byrne, Sallynoggin Vocational School, Sallynoggin, Co. Dublin (Age 13).
Mark Brady, 101 Hillside, Galkey, Co. Dublin (Age 13).
Marguerite Holmes, 11 Upper Mallow Street, Limerick (Age 12).
Brigid Lenane, Loreto Convent, Youghal, Co. Cork (Age 13).
Robert Patterson, 2 Laurel Hill, Upr. Glenageary Road, Co. Dublin (Age 12).
Cathal Byrne, Willow Park School, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (Age 13).
Gina Roche, Miss O'Sullivan's School, 5 5th. Mall, Cork (Age 13).
Colm O'Connor, "Monaleen", The Rise, Waterfall Road, Bishopstown, Co. Cork (Age 12).
Sally Kinahan, Dominican College, Eccles Street, Dublin (Age 13).
Rosemarie Leavitt, Convent of Mercy, Moate, Co. Westmeath (Age 13).
Desmond Durkin, Clongoweswood College, Naas, Co. Kildare (Age 13).
Catherine Docksey, Holy Faith Secondary School, Haddington Rd., Dublin (Age 13).
Paula O'Brien, Sallynoggin Vocational School, Sallynoggin, Co. Dublin (Age 13).

### GROUP D — 9, 10, & 11 YEARS

**1ST PRIZE (£20)**
Maria Murphy, Holy Cross Girls' Primary School, Ardoyne Road, Belfast (Age 11).

**2ND PRIZE (£15)**
Brian O'Donovan, Maunsells Road, Galway (Age 9).

**3RD PRIZE (£10)**
Dara Wade, 91 Beaumont Avenue, Churchtown, Dublin (Age 11).

**SPECIAL MERIT AWARDS**
Sharon McIntyre, Rosemount Girls' School, Creggan Road, Derry (Age 10).
Bernadette Hanlon, Dominican Convent, Ballyfermot, Dublin (Age 10).
Patricia McKeown, Dominican Convent, Ballyfermot, Dublin (Age 10).
Carmel McCavera, 96 Thirlmere Drive, St. Alban's, England (Age 11).
Katie Long, St. Patrick's National School, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (Age 11).
Barbara Commins, Scoil Eoin Baiste, Castletown, Dundalk, Co. Louth (Age 11).
Michele Burke, 59 Beaumont Cross, Whitehall, Dublin (Age 11).
John McHugh, Ard Griana, Maunsells Road, Galway (Age 9).
Daire Curley, 66 Dalysfort Road, Galway, (Age 9).
Colm Brennan, Clonegal National School, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford (Age 9).
Martina Cassidy, Rosemount Girls' Primary School, Derry (Age 9).
John O'Flynn, 2 Brookfield Lawn, The Lough, Cork (Age 11).
Dorothy Daffy, Laurel Hill, Limerick (Age 11).
Maria Clarke, 21 Lr. Catherine Street, Newry, Co. Down (Age 11).
John Browne, "Mulroy", Loreto Park, Cross Douglas Road, Cork (Age 10).
Josephine Doran, St. Kierans Sch. for Itinerant Children, Bray, Co. Wicklow (Age 10).
Peter Brennan, Our Lady's Bower, Killashee, Naas, Co. Kildare (Age 11).
Breda Roberts, Clonegal National School, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford (Age 9).
Carmel Nolan, St. Mary's National School, Ballyhaise, Co. Cavan (Age 10).
Alfred Orpen, Mary Imiaculate School for Deaf Boys, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin (Age 9).
Marian Byrne, Dominican Convent, Ballyfermot, Dublin (Age 10).
Valerie Coyle, Vocational School, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (Age 9).
Eamon Delaney, Marian College, Ballsbridge, Dublin (Age 9).
Ann Hickey, Rosemount Girls' Primary School, Derry (Age 9).
Raymond Burke, Melbourn, Foxrod Ave., Silevedonard, Bishopstown, Cork (Age 10).

### GROUP E — 7 & 8 YEARS

**1ST PRIZE (£15)**
Carmel Doherty, Rosemount Girls' Primary School, Derry **(Age 8).**

**2ND PRIZE (£12)**
Olive Scorr, Convent School, Cootehill, Co. Cavan (Age 7).

**3RD PRIZE (£10)**
Eileen Whelan, Clonegal National School, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford **(Age 8).**

**SPECIAL MERIT AWARDS**
James Hickey, Clonegal National School, Enniscorthy (Age 7).
Ciaran Nally, Clonbunny National School, Clonbunny, Athlone (Age 7).
Thomas Marnell, 3 Castles, Co. Kilkenny (Age 8).
Valerie Horan, Innisdalf Studio, 599 Howth Road, Blackbanks, Dublin (Age 8).
Dooley Brien, St. Kiernans School for Itinerant Children, Bray, Co. Wicklow (Age 8).
Jim Geraghty, Mary Immaculate School for Deaf Boys, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin (Age 8).
Geraldine Greenan, St. Mary's National School, Ballyhaise, Co. Cavan (Age 7).
Ann Duncan, Ballygrot House, 5 Kathleen Avenue, Helen's Bay, Co. Down (Age 8).
Pauline Morrison, Rosemount Girls' Primary School, Derry (Age 8).
Teresa Coyle, Rosemount Girls' Primary School, Derry (Age 7).
Lynn Thomas, Art Group, c/o Lyric Theatre, Belfast (Age 8).
Stephen Henderson, Art Group, c/o Lyric Theatre, Belfast (Age 7).
Patrick Balfe, Clonegal National School, Enniscorthy (Age 8).
Patrick Hendrick, Clonegal National School, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford (Age 8).
Sharon Burke, Carrigduff, Bunclody, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford (Age 7).
Ann Redmond, Ballyredmond, Clonegal, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford (Age 8).
Brigid Sheil, Clonegal National School, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford (Age 8).
Edward Duggan, Mary Immaculate Sch. for Deaf Boys, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin (Age 8).
Frances McCarthy, 7 Fingstaigh, Douglas Road, Cork (Age 7).
Kathleen Kelly, Rosemount Girls' School, Derry (Age 8).
Thomas O'Neill, Bower Infant School, Athlone (Age 7).
Maire Ni Lochlainn, Clochar na Trocaire, Cinnmhara, Co. Na Gaillimhe (Age 8).
Barbara Drew, Maryfield College, Glandore Road, Dublin (Age 8).
Michael Grealish, St. Brendan's Boys' National School, Tuam Road, Galway (Age 8).
Joe Redmond, Clonegal National School, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford (Age 7).

### GROUP F — 6 YEARS & UNDER

**1ST PRIZE (£12)**
Conor Dorney, Mary Immaculate Sch. for Deaf Boys, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin (Age 3½).

**2ND PRIZE (£10)**
Fionnuala Halpin, 34 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Co. Dublin (Age 4).

**3RD PRIZE (£7)**
Clare de Burca, 75 Slieve Rua Drive, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin (Age 6).

**SPECIAL MERIT AWARDS**
Damian Clarke, St. Michael's School, Ballyfermot, Dublin (Age 6).
Malachy McGrath, St. Brendan's National School, Tuam Road, Galway (Age 5).
Michael Fitzpatrick, Clonegal National School, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford (Age 6).
Joseph White, Mary Immaculate School for Deaf Boys, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin (Age 6).
Noel Cleary, Bower Infant School, Athlone, Co. Westmeath (Age 6).
Eugene Courtney, Mary Immaculate Sch. for Deaf Boys, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin (Age 6).
David Morgan, St. Mary's National School, Ballyhaise, Co. Cavan (Age 5).
Eileen Sherlock, Convent School, Cootehill, Co. Cavan (Age 6).
Eileen Cantwell, Presentation Convent, Wexford (Age 6).
Stephen Melvin, St. Laurence's Boys' National School, Killmacud Stillorgan, Co. Dublin (Age 5).
Beatrice Duffy, Rosemount Girls' School, Creggan Road, Derry (Age 5).
Claire McGinley, Rosemount Girls' School, Creggan Road, Derry (Age 5).
Sandra Sweeney, Rosemount Girls' School, Creggan Road, Derry (Age 5).
Sonya Doherty, Rosemount Girls' School, Creggan Road, Derry (Age 5).
Catherine McCormac Maher, Presentation Convent, Carrick-on-Suir, Co. Tipperary (Age 5).
Ann Marie Clancy, Presentation Convent, Wexford (Age 6).
Paula Dunne, Clonegal National School, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford (Age 5).
Andrew Paul, St. Patrick's School, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (Age 4).
Andrea McMullen, Convent School, Cootehill, Co. Cavan (Age 6).
Una Canning, Rosemount Girls' School, Creggan Road, Derry (Age 6).
Rosemary Flynn, Convent School, Cootehill, Co. Cavan (Age 6).
Edel Donnan, Montessori School, Convent of Sacred Heart, Mount Anville, Goatstown Co. Dublin (Age 6).
Patrick Brennan, Mary Immaculate Sch. for Deaf Boys, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin (Age 4).
Patricia Lynch, Maryfield College, Glandore Road, Dublin (Age 4).
Katherine Logue, Rosemount Girls' School, Creggan Road, Derry (Age 6).

### GROUP G — CRAFTS

Castleknock College—Joint entry—(Prize £20): **Patrick Kearsey** (Age 17), **John Mulvin** (Age 17), **Declan McGinley** (Age 17), **Dermot O'Mara** (Age 17).
Barry McConville, St. Mary's C.B.S., Belfast (Prize £20).
Thomas Tuohy, De La Salle Primary School, Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal (Prize £15).
Gerard O'Connor, (Age 14), St. Joseph's College, Garbally Park, Ballinasloe, Co. Galway (Prize £10).
Yvonne Manley (Age 14), 110 Seville Place, North Strand, Dublin (Prize £10).
Maire Ni Bhriain, (Age 13), 57 Highfield, Ennis Road, Limerick (Prize £10).
Orla Brioscu (Age 17), Gealoras, Briotas, Co. Atha Cliath (Prize £10).
Maeve Green (Age 14), 127 Meadowmount, Churchtown, Dublin (Prize £5).

### GROUP H — SECTION FOR CHILDREN IN HOSPITAL

Terence Collins, Scoil Bernadette, Bonnington, Montenotte, Cork (Age 9).
Mary Teresa Ward, St. Mary's Special School, Delvin, Co. Westmeath (Age 14).
Josephine Colce, St. Mary's Special School, Delvin, Co. Westmeath (Age 12).
Danny Kelly, St. Mary's Hospital, Baldoyle, Co. Dublin (Age 11).
Gerald McLoughlin, Stewart's Hospital, Palmerstown, Dublin (Age 17).
Vera O'Regan, Queen of Angels, Montenotte, Cork (Age 11).
Francis McCabe, St. John of God, National School, Islandbridge, Dublin 8 (Age 5).
Tony Bostock, Central Remedial Clinic, Vernon Avenue, Clontarf, Dublin 3 (Age 9).
Patsy Conway, St. Brigid's Special School, Dundalk, Co. Louth (Age 9).
Christina Rimmer, St. Teresa School, Temple Hill, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (Age 12).
Mairead Moynihan, St. Vincent's Special School, Woodsdown Hse., Lisnagry, Co. Limerick (Age 8).
Elizabeth Houlihan, St Vincent's Special School, Woodsdown Hse., Lisnagry, Co. Limerick (Age 7).
Maire Deely, St. Vincent's Special School, Woodsdown Hse., Lisnagry, Co. Limerick (Age 5).
Mary Kennedy, St. Vincent's Special School, Woodsdown Hse., Lisnagry, Co. Limerick (Age 7).
Josephine McMahon, St. Vincent's Special School, Woodsdown Hse., Lisnagry, Co. Limerick (Age 9).
Joan Bodie, St. Vincent's Special School, Woodsdown Hse., Lisnagry, Co. Limerick (Age 9).
Noreen Murphy, St. Vincent's Special School, Woodsdown Hse., Lisnagry, Co. Limerick (Age 6).
Mary Treasy, St. Vincent's Special School, Woodsdown, Hse., Lisnagry, Co. Limerick (Age 9).
Carmel Egan, St. Vincent's Special School, Woodsdown Hse., Lisnagry, Co. Limerick (Age 8).
Maire Condon, St. Vincent's Special School, Woodsdown, Co. Limerick (Age 8).
Paul Hedley, Scoil Bernadette, Bonnington, Montenotte, Cork (Age 4).
Rita Shannon, Holy Angels, Glenmaroon, Chapelizod, Dublin (Age 12).
Breda Sargent, Holy Angels, Glenmaroon, Chapelizod, Dublin (Age 15).
Marie Hurley, Holy Angels, Glenmaroon, Chapelizod, Dublin (Age 17).
Teresa Keatley, Holy Angels, Glenmaroon, Chapelizod, Dublin (Age 11).
Bernie Hendrick, Holy Angels, Glenmaroon, Chapelizod, Dublin (Age 13).
Margaret Harrell, Holy Angels, Glenmaroon, Chapelizod, Dublin (Age 16).
Nora Murray, St. Teresa's School, Temple Hill, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (Age 14).
Yvonne Wilson, St. Teresa's School, Temple Hill, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (Age 15).
Breda Kinch, St. Mary's Hospital School, Baldoyle, Dublin (Age 7).

Glen Abbey

## Extract from Report of the Directors

Profits before Taxation and Extraordinary Items amount to £142,438. After providing £21,243 for Corporation Profits Tax and £48,289 for Income Tax, the balance available for appropriation, after a net addition of £6,652 in respect of Extraordinary Items, amounts to £79,558.

The Directors recommend that the amount available for appropriation be allocated as follows:

| | £ |
|---|---|
| Interim Dividend at 5% less Income Tax | 22,038 |
| Proposed Final Dividend at 7½% less Income Tax | 33,057 |
| Retained and added to Balance Forward | 24,463 |
| | 79,558 |

The Director retiring by rotation is Mr. Frank L. Thompson and, being eligible, he offers himself for re-election.

The Auditors, Messrs. Briscoe, Smith and Co. have indicated their willingness to continue in office as Auditors of the Company.

Subject to the proposed Dividend being confirmed, the warrants will be posted on the 1st May, 1972.

COLM BARNES, Director,
FRANK L. THOMPSON, Director,
Talhaght, Co. Dublin.

# Finance Property Stockmarket Economics

## HAPPY DAYS?

THE 'preliminary statement' of the IDA's Regional Industrial Plans 1973-1977 is a sensible compromise between Buchananism and Irish political reality. But its projections for the allocation of new manufacturing projects and jobs in the half decade ahead are based on one fundamental and rather questionable assumption viz.—that 55,000 new jobs will be created in manufacturing industry in this period. Allowing for estimated redundancies of 17,500 the IDA foresees NET EXTRA JOBS in manufacturing coming out at 38,000. All the plans for the regional disbursement of these jobs are fairly meaningless unless the overall estimate is correct in the first place. But the research behind this total estimate is not contained in this preliminary statement. More details however are promised for the end of June in a document which will contain "a comprehensive, detailed account of the analysis and philosophy underlying the IDA proposals".

The projected 38,000 net new jobs in manufacturing in 1973-77 compares with a net 23,623 jobs created in the 1966-71 period—in other words the IDA is counting on an increase of no less than 60%. The optimistic view is that the IDA funds for grants to industry are much greater now than even a few years ago; that EEC entry will increase manufacturing employment, and that the projections are consistent with the job implications of the Government White Paper on 'the Accession of Ireland to the EEC."

The other side of the argument takes a harder look at the reality as it is today and the pattern of the past five years.

**Net new jobs in Manufacturing Industry 1969-1971**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1967 ... ... ... | +2,600 |
| 1968 ... ... ... | +5,000 |
| 1969 ... ... ... | +9,000 |
| 1970 ... ... ... | +5,000 |
| 1971 ... ... ... | +2,000 |

The decline since the peak in 1969 is mainly due to the fact that redundancies have cut into what was in fact a rising trend of gross new job creations. But to forecast a switch from this pattern to one which sees an average of 7,500 net new jobs p.a. from 1973 onwards, is certainly to look at the EEC through rose-tinted glasses. The decline since 1969 is not solely due to greater foreign competition since tariffs barriers started to tumble—but it is closely related to it. The big question in all this forecasting must be—how much further hit will Irish industry be by new competition from the EEC? Perhaps the June document will attempt to go further in answering this.

As regards the Regionalization of whatever job opportunities do arise, the IDA plan is intelligent and is sensibly alert to local conditions and requirements. The main points of the plan are

1. The direct cost will be about £150m.—or an average £30m. p.a.—which is the current allocation.
2. The nine major regions in which these new jobs will be created are suggested in outline, to the extent of naming groups of towns within a region, for which overall job targets have been forecast. The statement assures one that "the omissions of a town from the list of towns in the town groupings does not imply its exclusion for industrial development purposes". This is an assurance that will be taken with a grain of salt—and an inevitable amount of political squabbling.

3. The overall strategy differs from Buchanan mainly in its lower degree of concentration. Buchanan foresaw 75% of new jobs in the nine recommended growth centres: the IDA plan reduces this to 50%—and thus must be more widely acceptable from a political point of view. The end result, of course, being more diverse, must also be more vulnerable. When the single factory gets into trouble in a single factory town—the dislocation is complete.

The greatest virtue in the IDA plan is that it has some possibility of being carried through—in design if not in volume. If the Government itself had any determination about a national objective for regional development, much more could be done for provincial employment and development other than simply in manufacturing industry. But one political disappointment is that the plan—even up to 1977—completely ignores the possibility of cross-border economic integration.

**The Financial Editor**

C. O. Stanley, Chairman, Sunbeam Wolsey Limited.

## SUNBEAM WOLSEY—A Recovery Situation?

### A Special Correspondent

WITH THE Stock Exchange enjoying an unprecedented boom, it is perhaps appropraite to consider the plight of some of our more unfortunate brethren. The whole textile sector remains heavily depressed with the giant of the industry, Sunbeam Wolsey, being the most bombed out of them all. Back in 1965, Sunbeam was capitalised on the market at £6 million. Today, despite a 15% increase in issued capital, it is valued at only £1½ million.

The cynic will quite naturally blame the management for not taking appropriate action to protect the shareholders' and ultimately the employees' interests. His opposite number will look to examine the reasons for any reversal in a company's fortunes. In the case of Sunbeam it would be easy to do either.

The fall in Sunbeam's share price from its peak of 132½p in 1965 to its recent low of 25p has undoubtedly been catastrophic for its shareholders. The main background industrial reasons for it are fairly well known with the whole European industry suffering from the textile recession. However, from a study of Sunbeam's actions over the past seven years, it is apparent that its expansionist attitude to the Irish woollen textile industry has been a near disastrous one.

Back in the early 'sixties, everything was looking very rosy for Sunbeam. Profits were increasing quite rapidly and funds were readily available. Not only was the company able to plough back a fair proportion of its profits, but it added to these by regularly issuing Preference shares. As late as December, 1963, it raised as much as £450,000 by issuing Preference shares at a 12½% premium.

Early in 1965, on the top of a profit wave, Sunbeam took over Salts (Ireland) for £1½ million in cash. This marked the start of Sunbeam's real troubles. The Salts takeover in fact must rank as one of the most unfortunate moves ever made in Irish financial history. It was not just that the Salts acquisition completely upset the composition of Sunbeam's activities by significantly increasing its dependence on spinning. But rather that, not only had £440,000 to be spent on modernising Salts after the bid, but the choice of the financial package completely undermined Sunbeam's exhalted share rating.

Since Salts, Sunbeam has had an unequal struggle. For not only has its most profitable product, nylon stockings, turned into something nearer a liability, but the company has continued to expand its commitment in most of its activities. As recently as 1970, in fact, Sunbeam was actually opening new factories, one in Bandon and another in Tralee, or taking on extra employees. It also paid nearly £1 million for Mulcahy Brothers and this despite the fact that its balance sheet was already overstetched with bank overdrafts of well over £1 million.

What has been unfortunate however is that, having found itself in such a difficult situation, Sunbeam's management has still been most reluctant to take the, harsh though they might be, rationalisation measures to ensure full plant utilisation. The only moves which have been undertaken so far are the closure of Wool Combers (Ireland) and the transfer of the bulk of Cork Spinning's yarn production up to Salt's heavily under-utilised Tullamore plant. Nothing has yet been done on the weaving side to straighten things out, probably because this would have to involve other companies. But both Irish Worsted Mills and Martin Mahony are quite anxious to make some progress here.

The strangest thing however about last year was not that Sunbeam suffered badly on the basic textile side, which actually turns in modest profits, but rather that Sunbeam itself turned in a "substantial loss." This loss was not actually qualified, but considering the circumstances, it is probable that it came near to £¼ million. And despite this, Mulcahy Bros., which operates in the same fields as Sunbeam, namely fully-fashioned knitwear and hosiery, is still being run as an independent company.

There is obviously a lot of potential in Sunbeam Wolsey. The only question that arises is whether the management is prepared to take the kind of action which would be necessary to realise this potential. The modest pruning which has already been undertaken, plus the buoyant demand for knitwear which has some of its plant fully booked out for 1972, has helped stabilise the situation. Much tougher action will, however, be needed to get profitability back on a solid footing.

With sales of £15 million and only capitalised at £1½ million, Sunbeam must be coming under the microscope of some of the take-over boys. The directors, especially C. O. Stanley and Declan Dwyer, do not have anything like voting control of the company, thus a bid must be considered quite possible. To ward off a bid, Sunbeam will have to regard the appointment of a strong Managing Director as an immedaite priority to replace the resigning Bill Kiley. Certainly if Glen Abbey can squeeze profits out of hosiery and knitwear, Sunbeam should be able to do so. The recent recovery in wool prices too reflects an improvement in the position underlying the basic wool trade. The group's depreciation charge, which is currently running at over £500,000 a year, over twice the 1969 level, also shows that there is a lot more money even now being generated in the company that does not appear in the pre-tax profit figures.

Anyone looking for a bombed-out recovery situation could do far worse than consider Sunbeam shares, now around 33p. The existing shareholders, fed up though they probably are, would be well advised to hold tight. The present share price is really only option money and whoever heard of someone cashing in their options while the underlying investment was still far from dead?

# SUNBEAM WOLSEY LIMITED

The 44th Ordinary General Meeting of Sunbeam Wolsey Limited was held on 1st May at Millfield, Cork.

The following are extracts from the circulated statement of the Chairman, Mr. C. O. Stanley, C.B.E., LL.D., F.C.G.I.—

The year under review has been the most difficult in the history of the Company. Our turnover not only failed to reach the increased targets which were necessary to enable us to maintain our profit but, in fact, decreased by approximately 15% in the Raw Materials Division and 2% in the Consumer Products Division.

This decrease in turnover during a period of increasing costs resulted in a severe decline in the Group's trading profits, before depreciation and redundancy from £953,262 to £681,106, and in the pre-tax profits, after depreciation, from £634,077 to £104,193.

Last year I indicated that your Company was facing difficult trading conditions in 1971. It has become clear to us that we might well have to considerably restrict our activities and rationalise our production in every possible way. We are conscious of the problems in front of us and we are confident that we can bring the profit earnings capacity of our business back to what it has been for so many years.

We have, over the past few years, followed a definite policy of developing markets for our Knitwear in France, Belgium, Germany, and other European countries, and in 1972 we have redoubled our efforts in this direction. It is also our intention to expand the sales of the speciality yarns for upholstery fabrics to cover other blands and also for the E.E.C. Market.

It is very difficult to be optimistic about 1972. There are still many factors outside the direct control of the management of the company. There is no doubt that the tourist industry is going to be seriously affected by the current political situation and that it could have an effect on the purchasing power available for consumer goods. Against this, the textile industry in the U.K. and on the Continent has improved and we have substantial export orders on our books, so that certain sections of our Knitwear plants are fully booked to the end of 1972. We should also see the benefits of the cost reduction exercises that are being undertaken by the management, all of which should help our profitability.

The report and accounts were adopted.

# INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL HOLDINGS LTD.

## 34th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

*to be held on 24th May, 1972*

**THE CHAIRMAN, MR. D. G. FILDES, REPORTS—**

* Results for 1971 showed an increase over the previous year of 61% in the net profit after providing for taxation and minority interests.

* The Dividends for the year amount to 18% less income tax compared with 15% less income tax for 1970.

* Exports increased during the year. This is reflected in the reduced rate of income tax payable on dividends—12.0p as against 15.3p for 1970.

* At present exports account for over 80% of sales, the United Kingdom being the principal market. Should Ireland remain outside the European Economic Community and the United Kingdom become a member, sales to the United Kingdom would be affected severely.

* Since the beginning of this year hide prices have reached levels not approached in recent years. These high prices affect profit margins, and therefore a transfer from reserves of £250,000 to a Special Hide Reserve has been deemed prudent. It is difficult to assess the immediate future, but encouragement is drawn from the continuing appeal of leather as against synthetic materials and the expanding demand for it in such fields as the garment industry. The programme of rationalisation, development and capital investment is being continued, the technical staff are constantly engaged in the improvement of products and development of new lines, and the Company is considered to be in a strong position to deal with future problems.

* It is proposed to change the name of the Company to Irish Leathers Limited to identify it with the principal business of the Group.

| SUMMARY OF RESULTS | 1971 | 1970 |
|---|---|---|
| | £ | £ |
| Profits before tax | 576,295 | 359,271 |
| Taxation | 110,649 | 71,185 |
| Minority Interests | 31,866 | 20,088 |
| Net Profit of Group after tax | 433,780 | 267,998 |

**Copies of the Report & Accounts are available from the Registrars, 4 Lappe Quay, Cork.**

# . . . Around the City

NATURALLY, many of the members here have been staging the Readymix Ltd. issue. With only £600,000 worth of the shares coming on to the market, and with the market as bullish as it is at the moment, they can't fail to make a few pounds. But this is not the aspect of the new issue which engaged our conversation after dinner the other evening. The real significance of this development is that Readymix is the first British company to reverse the recent and deplorable pattern of buying up the Irish minority interest in British companies operating in Ireland. You will recall that Irish Dunlop was completely swallowed into the British parent last year, and Hallidays in Dundalk met the same fate from their principal, Clarkes. Readymix is in a somewhat different position from both these companies, in that an important part of its business is *NOT* with the U.K. parent. But in their decision the company is showing a political awareness that might well be emulated by other foreign companies operating here.

The Readymix move is a shrewd one from several points of view. Having an Irish quotation for even 25% of the shares will add an Irish "flavour" to the company's image. In fact if Readymix had had an Irish quotation before it bid for Roadstone last year, the outcome might have been very different indeed. But "Irishness' is important to Readymix for other reasons. The conditions and price under which Cement Ltd. (the monopoly producer) supply cement to Readymix Ltd. (Roadstone's arch competitor) — which at this point I understand to be most satisfactory and cordial — are sensitive and always of political interest and influence. **John Byrne,** and **Jeff Cawley,** and **Kieran Murray,** operating a company which is even 25% owned, need have no fear in demanding fair play from **Paddy Lawlor** should the going get rough.

A little consideration is that the public issue enables Ready Mixed Concrete International, the U.K. parent, to pull £600,000 back out of its Irish investment. These funds or what the prospectus refers to as "substantial" funds were available to the Irish company INTEREST FREE since 1966 with the exception of 11 months in 1971. And as no allowance is made in the statement of profits for this concession, the pretax profit figures since 1966 are overstated by perhaps £5[illegible],000.

A final consideration is this —does not an Irish quotation for Readymix Ltd. establish the line towards a future bid for Roadstone/Cement? Not tomorrow or the next day of course, but at some point in the future when circumstances again favour such a move by the U.K. parent. Come to think of it, with all the talk about choosing a chairman for Cement/Roadstone wouldn't **John Byrne** fill the chair very comfortably? Now there's a fresh idea.

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WHETHER OR NOT Readymix is already casting envious eyes on Cement-Roadstone, the home team is taking no chances on a take-over attempt from this or any other "outside" source. At the extraordinary general meeting which is to be held on May 19th (the same one at which **Bob Willis's** appointment as the new chairman is expected to be announced) **Gunnar Larsen** will move several changes to the company's Articles of Association. "It has always been the wish of your directors that the company should be managed and controlled in Ireland," says he in a letter to shareholders. Accordingly he will move the adoption of the following new Article of Association: "The company shall be managed and controlled in Ireland."

The "managed" bit need cause no trouble to future take-over attempts, but I'll wager that several new interpretations of the word "control" are already being thought about.

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TALKING OF foreign control of investment in Irish industry, I wonder if you noticed the latest Canadian move in this respect? A Bill introduced to the Canadian Parliament last week requires foreign investors intending to take over a Canadian company, public or private, to notify the Canadian Government. The go-ahead will be given only if the foreign investor is able to establish that the purchase will result in "significant benefit" to the Canadian economy. The application will be considered in the light of five criteria: 1—The effects on economic activity and employment. 2 — The degree and significance of participation by Canadians. 3 — The effects on productivity, efficiency, technological development and product variety. 4 — The effect on Canadian competitors. 5 — Compatibility with Canadian industrial and economic policies.

Canada's position vis-a-vis U.S. investment is very analogous to our own vis-a-vis the U.K. And the resentment of the neighbouring Big Brother there bears all the marks of our attitudes to John Bull. But unlike ourselves the Canadians have taken the trouble to find out the extent of foreign ownership. The Melville-Watkins report of 1968 calculated that foreign direct long-term investment in Canada had risen from $2,700m., or 40% of the total, in 1926, to $15,900m., or 60% of the total, in 1964 — and the American share of it was then 80%, to Britain's 12%. One of these days perhaps, the I.D.A. or the E.S.R.I. will do such a survey in Ireland. In fact the Minister should have had this done before be proceeded with his own legislation for the control of take-overs and foreign investment here.

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TAKE GOOD NOTE of the report of the National Prices Commission — the one that contrasted the retail prices of motor cars here and in Belfast. Public comment on the report degenerated into a squabble about dealers' margins on sales here versus the North — but this, of course, is far from the central point of this most interesting comparison (our thanks incidentally for taking this initiative at all are due to the rather unusual membership of the Commission — **Prof Louden Ryan,** T.C.D. (chairman), **Mrs. Mairead Allen**—Irish Housewives' Association, **Ed. Gray,** C.I.I., **Peter O'Brien,** Federation of Trade Associations, and the couple nominated by the Irish Congress of Trade Unions, **John Carroll** and **Harold O'Sullivan).** The real point in the report is simply that the Irish pound buys almost 25% less for you in motor car value than the pound sterling does. Or, put another way, in the purchase of motor vehicles, the exchange value of the PUNT is discounted by 25% vis-a-vis the pound sterling.

There are all sorts of reasons why cars in Ireland are now more expensive than in Britain (a decade ago, continental cars were more expensive in the U.K. than in Ireland); they include the higher duty content, the costs of assembly and the dealer margins. Because the Irish motor industry is spread thinly over so many makes the level of productivity in the business — in both assembly and servicing — is of course, very low. But the reasons matter not. Whatever they are, however, the costs are added in, they amount to one chilling conclusion — the purchasing power of the punt in this very important area is substantially lower than the pound sterling.

Now I don't wish to sound alarmist; and you will have noticed that I am never so unpatriotic as to advise members to invest abroad. But I would be less than honest if I didn't say that the writing is on the wall. Gradually, but gradually, item after item is becoming more expensive in Ireland than in the U.K. Most clothes are more expensive here. Many food items are dearer here. Both cigarettes and beers cost more here. Many services too are more expensive. Stock brokers' commission is higher. Estate agents' fees do not operate on a sliding scale. And on top of all this, the manifold benefits of the Welfare State apply to fewer and in less abundance in this country. This all points to an ultimate adjustment in the exchange value beween the Irish pound and the pound sterling unless this trend is stopped — and reversed.

Perhaps the E.E.C. will save us in this, as in all else. But I doubt it.

City Gallery No. 7.
Ken Wall
Lombard & Ulster

# with Moneybags

GENERALLY speaking, the members here are a decent lot and it takes a lot to rouse their ire. But old Tom Bottomley, whose bar bill was always paid by dividend warrants from his holdings in Lincoln and Nolan is beginning to get very testy of late. "It just can't go on," he mutters rather desperately, every time he looks at the current quotation for Brittain Group shares. But go on it does, and since Brittain passed the dividend payment last year, Old Tom has been extending his credit at the bar more than is good for his reputation.

Brittain ordinary shares are now on offer at 14p. They went to a low of 11p last year, and their high after the break-up with Smith Group was 26p. At the current price, this huge company, whose net assets on the June '71 balance sheet stood at £1¼ million, is valued at less than £¾ million. Still, nobody wants to gamble on them. **Con Smith,** whose Renault marque took 7% of the Irish market in 1971, was able to return a net profit, after tax, of £206,000 for the year. Morris and Austin between them took 20% of the market in '71, but in the year to June 30th, Brittain Group showed a net profit of only £7,300.

But what has really disturbed old Tom here most of all was the information that Vincent Brittain, having assumed the chairmanship of the company, has now sold his residence, quit the country and gone to live in Scotland. In the good old days when he had nothing more than his own private company and the Morris plant at Portobello to worry about, G.C.V.B. loved nothing better than to sail up the coast of Norway for a few months. And who would complain? But the present situation is a far different one—and the responsibility to other shareholders cannot be so easily shrugged off.

**Vincent Brittain** holds about 55% of the ordinary shares and as long as he does, I can't see Old Tom getting much satisfaction out of this investment. But sooner or later British Leyland's patience will give out. Recently they bought the controlling interest in the German distributor. Unless BMC products show some improvement here, I can't see them tolerating an indefinite continuance of the current situation. B ; they'll have to pay more ....n 14p for the shares.

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A COUNTRY MEMBER in town for the Spring Show last week asked me how best he might tuck away £10,000 for his favourite niece and I advised him to look no further than Tara Exploration and Development. When my colleague last covered the mining scene in February, 1971, he referred to the probable profitability of Tara, which then admitted 15 million tons of proven reserves, valued at £40 million. Since then proven reserves have jumped four times to 60 million tons, grading 10% plus lead-zinc, and still the limit of the orebody has not been determined. This explains the current talk of 100 million tons of ore. Taking the proven reserves only, prospective profits should be of the order of £160 million and possibly as high as £260 million.

It is quite easy to understand what **Tony O'Reilly** and his cronies were up to when they recently put up £2 million for a 6% stake in Tara, at a special price of 615p a share. At the current price of just over £7 a share, Tara is capitalised at only £35 million. It doesn't take a genius to appreciate the difference between £35 million and £160 million, which estimate is arrived at using actually proven reserves and currently depress.d metal prices.

It will be 1975 before Tara goes into production, so anyone thinking of getting on the bandwagon has all the time in the world. The only bearish feature on the horizon is the threat to treat mining as a normal commercial operation and to tax it. From his statements in the Dail the Minister of Industry and Commerce, young **Paddy Lawlor,** would appear to be sympathetic to the taxing of mining profits and there would be very few who would object to Mr. Colley abolishing Mr. Haughey's infamous 20-year tax concession on mining profits. Certainly a coalition government would be inclined to think in that direction.

Tara's shares would probably suffer as a result but the potential profits are so vast that any reaction in the share price would be emotional rather than rational. I'll wager that that young lady's dowry will be worth a pretty penny when the happy day dawns.

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I'M GLAD TO SEE that most of the New Ireland directors will make a few pounds out of the buying in of the Irish National Assurance shares. The shares, which were as low at 38p last November, are being bought by New Ireland at 115p. **P. O'Nuallain** holds 6,000 of them, as does **P. Campbell; L. O'Reilly** has 7,600 and **B. E. O'Reilly** 4,123. **Eoin Ryan** sold 5,000 of his shares la.. July at only 57p!

On the other hand, I note how the new boys on the New Ireland board are still increasing their holdings. **Con Smith** bought 94,624, New Ireland shares last June at 62p. His holding is now up to 96,424 and the share price is at 100p. **Gerry Hickey** who purchased 100,000 at the same time has increased his holding to 111,200, the largest personal holding on the board.

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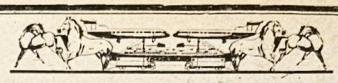
..**NOTE** to **Brendan O'Reilly** B.I.M.

(By hand).

Do you remember **Andrew Gilchrist,** the British Ambassador here before **John Peck** inherited all the trouble? Well, he is now chairman of the Highlands and Islands Development Board. Don't ask me what diplomats and the Deep Sea have in common (the Devil?), but get a hold of an excellent report he has just produced on the social and economic impact of his boards work up there. Should be useful to you.



NOT A BEGRUDGER, although I have called the old rascal a few other things in my time, Moneybags was unstinting in his praise of Roberto in the 2000 Guineas. He praised also my acumen in taking 8/1 about him for the Derby as well as the Guineas, and on Wednesday last, when Hills shortened **Roberto** to 5/2, he came to me with a look on his face that I have come to know.

"My boy" is always a sure giveaway. "You are a sentient fellow, and I would like to do you a good turn." (I could scarce forbear from clutching my wallet¿. "You know a bet is not a bet until it is hedged." You should have heard the silky tones.

"I don't want to know your total liability on this good horse" (you will, you will) "but I am in a position to take a bit of 9/2 from you. You can cut your losses to very little, or have a nice bet to nothing. (This man has been taking instruction.) Well, we haggled and I eventually laid him 7/2. I'm happy, he's happy, and if **Lyphard** wins in France on Sunday, I will be even happier. In the meantime we have **High Top** and **Arkadina** on Saturday at the Curragh, and if they both win I will be able to spend the rest of the weekend in Paris. So.


youghal carpets

"Steady and significant improvement maintained in 1971"

The 15th annual general meeting of Youghal Carpets (Holdings) Limited was held on 2nd May, 1972, at Youghal, Co. Cork, Ireland.

Points from the Statement by the Chairman, Mr. Brian L. J. O'Brien.

GROUP TRADING. Trading for the twelve month period ended 31st December, 1971 showed an increase in turnover and profits over the previous year. Net profit before tax amounted to £1,024,911 (1970 – £796,930 excluding £109,581 for revaluation of patterns) and a final dividend of 27% is proposed making 42% for the year (39%). The rate of tax deducted from Dividend is further reduced from 10·6p in the £ to 7·8p in the £ which demonstrates the Company's continuing success in the export field. A one-for-three scrip issue is also proposed.

Trading conditions during the year were generally satisfactory. The year opened well and continued in this way enabling the group to expand its activities, showing overall Sales of £12,332,000 amounting to an increase of 18% over the previous period. Taken as a whole, good progress and high activity was achieved by the Group companies.

The Group now covers practically all aspects of carpet manufacturing and is able to offer a comprehensive range in all types of weave and all qualities, including tufted carpet and carpet tiles.

During the year the Company obtained a quotation on the London Stock Exchange for its shares, the shares having been previously quoted on the Cork and Dublin Stock Exchanges.

RECORD OF GROWTH. Over the past nine years there has been a steady and significant improvement in profits resulting in an increase in earnings, adjusted for Scrip and Rights Issues, from 21·7% in 1963 to 64·2% in 1971. The earnings per share have likewise risen from 2·5p in 1963 to 14·8p in 1971.

The trend has been maintained for the year under review and it is satisfactory to be able to repeat this year that Youghal has never failed to increase its profits year by year.

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"... entry into the E.E.C. will provide tremendous opportunities for the Group".

FUTURE PROSPECTS. It was stated last year that trading had commenced more favourably than in the previous year and that sales and orders were ahead in all plants. So far this trend has extended into the opening months of the present year of 1972, and the Group looks forward to a further year's successful trading.

It is believed that entry into the E.E.C. will provide tremendous opportunities for the Group. Already careful planning is under way to take advantage of this situation and it is hoped at an early date to make a significant move in the direction of a foothold for the Group on the European Continent.

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*Copies of the Report and Accounts are available from the Secretary, Youghal Carpets (Holdings) Limited, 1 South Mall, Cork, Ireland.*

COSGRAVE
is winning this time
BACK THE WINNER

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW
# hernia

VOTE
VOTE FOR O'HIGGINS
VOTE FOR THE
O'HIGGINS
Of your choice—
BUT VOTE!

I WONDER WILL I MAKE THE FIRST AT PUNCHESTOWN ?
WHY CAN'T GARRET MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS ?
THERE'S A LETTER HERE FROM A MOTHER OF EIGHT
SHE'S UP THE POLL AGAIN

*Gallop Poll Exclusive!*

# 7.2% BACK LIAM

**EMOTIONS were high today as members of Fine Gael met in the owners and trainers enclosure at Punchestown to study the results of a specially commissioned Gallop Poll.**
**Undoubtedly, the most significant factor was the improvement in Mr. Cosgrave's standing in the field, both among members of his own family and the racing confraternity as a whole.**

The poll shows that 7.2% of Fine Gael voters favour Mr. Cosgrave as leader of the party, indicating that he has closed the gap on rivals Dr. John O'Connell (18%) and Mr. Ernest Blythe (74%). Asked to comment, Mr. Cosgrave said: "You're blocking my view. Come back after the 3.10." "It must be pointed out," Dr. O'Connell's personal aide pointed out, "that Dr. O'Connell's low showing may not be wholly unconnected with his temporary absence in the United States, where he has been contesting the U.S. primaries."

A jubilant Mr. Blythe, in a supplied script (rejected), declared: "Who said the Irish people have long memories? Give the old age pensioners free tickets for the Abbey on Monday nights, when it's impossible to get paying audiences anyway, and they'll forgive anything."

Mr. Cosgrave can feel quite satisfied with other results of the survey. For example, when Fine Gael voters were given a straight choice between Mr. Cosgrave or Mr. Lynch as leader of their party, Mr. Cosgrave's showing soared to 8%, though when General O'Duffy's name was added to the race the figure went down to 2.1%.

Other conclusions to emerge from the poll included:

- 97% of voters were under the impression that Michael O'Leary was a socialist.
- 97% of the voters were under the impression that Stephen Coughlan was a socialist.
- Only two out of every three households in the country had received a free volume of Dermot Ryan's "poems" through their letterboxes.
- One out of every three households in the country do not have letterboxes.
- Opinion Polls offer a newspaper a good substitute for collecting hard news.
- Opinion Polls do not offer a newspaper a good substitute for collecting hard news.

Further analysis of the Fine Gael "don't know" votes reveals that 48% "don't know who Liam Cosgrave is" and 51% "don't know whether to laugh or cry." "However, the really good sign," quipped Mr. Cosgrave, leaning on the counter of the Tote office, "is that I received a 98% endorsement from Fianna Fail voters. I was really touched. Our fourteen years of Opposition are beginning to pay off." He continued: "I wouldn't be at all surprised if the survey results in my party persuading me to 'go to the country' quite soon. Possibly the Curragh, or Limerick Junction, or Killarney . . ."

*South-Central Primary*

**Sen. John Kellygold's Campaign Hots Up**

HE COUGHS roughly, mops his brow with a symbollically white handkerchief, the familiar southern drawl begins and immediately the perjoratives start to drop like beads of perspiration . . . ". . . radicals . . . subversives . . . pinko-liberals . . . gunmen . . . law and order . . ." he manages to make his tired old clichés sound half new: another of Senator John Kellygold's revivalist meetings begins. The hall is crowded, big farmers, small shopkeepers, rednecks. The audience warms to him. The unemployed whites, the blue-collar workers. The white trash. He gives them what they want and they love him for it. They respond enthusiastically, waving their right arms upwards at a 45° angle. Most of these people can't afford the T.V. licence. They need some free entertainment.

Later in the Matt Talbot suite of his hotel as he relaxes; taking off his boots he explains: "I'm not 'right wing' it's just that I hate those goddamn Fianna Fail/Sinn Fein Moscow-trained free-thinking long-haired bunch of rainy-day Trotskyites. Call me what you like, old-fashioned, conservative, reactionary, fascist . . . but I warn you this is a free country and I have a doctorate in law from Oxford and I studied in Heidelburg and I'll sue you for every nickel you've got . . ."

**The "Godson" is Worth A Visit**

**Shameless Hemmingway**

**Irish Times Drama Critic**

A NEW FARCE is ever a welcome sight for these rheumy eyes, and as old Uncle Ibsen was fond of saying: "We can all afford a good giggle." The plot of "The Godson" is pure Pirandello, with a *soupcon* of Friel, a *demi-tasse* of Leonard and the intellectual tabasco of John B. Keane.

Delano di Cosgravi—son of the now-dead don, Big Guillaume—rules his mob with the aid of his (character) assassin, Ricardo Burco. For years he has been plotting the overthrow of a rival gang controlled by Jack di Corconi, who run the numbers racket and hang out, disguised as actors, at Gloom's Hotel on the North Side (Jack is really only the front man for the mysterious Mr. Big known only as Long Eddie). The Cosgravi mob meet at City Hall in downtown Cork, ostensibly to swear allegiance to their "Cosy Nostra", but in reality to plan a take-over of Gloom's. There are complications when Cosgravi's henchman Fitzgeraldo—known as The Garreter—wants to turn legit, but he is dismissed of when a bandwagon blows up. The play ends with a shootout at Gloom's and the accidental death of di Cosgravi, who is mistaken for an Abbey actor and chokes on a Mary Manning review.

Some of the speeches were a bit long, but a beautifully-sustained hypocritical note relieved the *longeurs*. The difficult, even impossible, role of di Cosgravi was beautifully played by the late Harry Brogan, and Anna Manahan was the homicidal Burco right down to her bobnails. This production promises well, and once it has settled down for its year's run the promises will sound even funnier. It is very much a family show and will [illegible]-you laugh-a your head off.

**VOTING BY CLASS**

| Candidates | Liam Cosgrave | Ernest Blythe | Annette Fenicello | Late Late Show |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cosgrave Family | .03% | .04% | .05% | 99.88% |
| Lower Middle Class Cosgraves | .03% | 64% | 20% | 15.97% |
| Working Class Cosgraves | — | — | — | — |
| Jockeys* | 83% | ? | — | 17% |
| Political Correspondents of Irish Sunday newspapers excluding The Sunday Press | 100% | 100% | — | — |
| Well-to-do Old Age Pensioners (excluding Political Correspondents of Irish Sunday newspapers excluding The Sunday Press | .03% | 99.91% | .03% | .03% |

*National Hunt

## What's On

**RADIO** — Gerard Victory, R.T.E's Head of Music, has just completed a new work, his first to use the 2-tone row. This revolutionary serial composition, entitled "The Angelus," is scored for solo bell and lasts about a minute. Performed by the R.T.E. Ringers, it will be broadcast in seven daily serials each week from now until doomsday.

"Resounding political overtones"—Conor Cruise O'Brien.

"If they put a tune to it, I'll sing it."—David Thornley.

**TELEVISION** — George Handel will conduct, from the organ, his new oratorio, "St. Laurence O'Toole," on Saturday, June 31st, on R.T.E. Time: 1742 (5.42 p.m.). This is the chief item in Dublin's 1972 20th Century Music Festival. "My depression has lifted . . . am so revived by the generosity and taste of the Irish that I have begun to exert myself upon my organ with renewed vigour."—G. F. Handel. Letters, Vol. XLIV, p. 369.

"Talk about murderous angels."—David Thornley.

"Let's not."—Conor Cruise O'Brien.

**MUSIC**—Following the announcement that U.C.D. is to confer an honorary degree on Shostakovich in July, the Moscow Conservatory has decided to reciprocate by bestowing the Godporny Award on Father Matthew Hall, "Ireland's leading composer" (Tass). They are also organising a festival of Hall's works, but the problem arises that Fr. Hall has been standing idle for 77 years. He is now getting down to it, however. "A terrible duty is born," he stated from his Howth home, where he is working on his opera, "The Great Cruise O."

"Even if they don't put a tune to it, I'll sing it."—David Thornley.

**CINEMA**

**Ambassador:** Horror! Lust! Stomach-churning revulsion! Gay Byrne and Ted Bonner in "The Night of the Living Dead." (Late show, Saturdays, 9.45 p.m.).

**Carlton:** Shorley Temple season ("Sordid and degrading . . . What is the Hierarchy doing?—G. O'Reilly, Evening Herald).

**Forum:** Johnny Mack Brown in "Death Valley Riders." (★★★ "This is more like it"—G. O'Reilly, Evening Herald).

**Plaza:** Vincent Dowling in "The Man Who Never Was." Full supporting programme, including Lelia Doolan cartoon.